

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY, PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

C. L. COX, SCHN.Y.

VOL. I.—NO. 17. [E. V. WILSON.]

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY. CHICAGO, MARCH 27, 1875.

[LOMBARD, ILL.] \$2 FOR FIFTY-TWO NUMBERS.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

ON THE TOWN.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

The lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
For, coming and going, like the waves of the sea
Thousands are out this beautiful night;
They jostle each other, but shrink from me!
Men hurry by with a stealthy glance;
Women pass by with their eyes cast down;
Even the children seem to know
The shameless girl of the town!

Hated and shunned, I walk the street,
Hunting—for what? For my prey, 'tis said;
I look at it in a different light.
For my nightly shame is my daily bread!
My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear!
Only for this I might starve or drown;
The world has disowned me; what can I do
But live and die on the town?

The world is cruel; it may be right
To crush the harlot, but grant it so,
What made her the guilty thing she is?
For she was innocent once, you know;
'Twas love! that terrible word tells all!
She loved a man, and blindly believed
His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears,—
Of course the fool was deceived.

What had I to gain by a moment's sin,
To weigh in the scale of my innocent years—
My woman's shame, my ruined name,
My father's curses, my mother's tears?
The love of man; 't was something to give;
Was it worth it? The price was a soul paid down.
Did I get a soul, his soul in exchange?
Behold me here on the town!

"Your guilt was heavy," the world would say,
"And heavy, heavy, your doom must be;
For to pity and pardon woman's fall
Is to set no value on chastity!"
"You undervalue the virgin's crown,
The spotless honor that makes her dear."
But I ought to know what the bauble is worth,
When the loss of it brings me here!

But pity and pardon! Who are you
To talk of pardon, pity, to me?
What I ask is justice, justice, sir!—
Let both be punished, or both go free.
If it be in woman a shameful thing,
What is it in man? Now come, be just;
(Remember, she falls through her love for him,
He, through his selfish lust!)

Tell me, what is done to the wretch
Who tempts and riots in woman's fall?
His father curses and casts him off?
His friends forsake? He is scorned of all?
Not he. His judges are men like himself,
Or thoughtless women, who humor their whim:
"Young blood," "Wild oats," "Better hush it
up."
They soon forget it—in him.

Even his mother, who ought to know
The woman nature, and how it is won,
Forces a thousand excuses for him,
Because, forsooth, the man is her son!
You have daughters, madam, (he told me so,)
Fair, innocent daughters. "Woman, what then?"
Some mother may have a son like yours,
Bid them beware of men!

I saw his coach in the street to-day
Dashing along on the sunny side;
With a liveried driver on the box;
Lolling back in her listless pride.
The wife of his bosom took the air;
She was bought in the mart where hearts are sold;
I gave myself away for his love;
She sold herself for his gold!

He lives, they say, in a princely way,
Flattered and feasted. One dark night
Some devil led me to pass his house;
I saw the windows a blaze of light;
The music whirled in a maddening sound,
I heard the fall of the dancers' feet:
Bitter, bitter, the thoughts I had,
Standing there on the street.

Back to my gaudy den I went,
Dashed to my room in grim despair,
Dried my eyes, painted my cheeks;
And fixed a flower or two in my hair!
Corks were popping, wine was flowing,
I seized a bumper and tossed it down;
One must do something to kill the time,
And fit one's self for the town!

I meet his boy in the park sometimes,
And my heart runs over toward the child,
A frank little fellow with fearless eyes;
He smiled at me as his father smiled.
I hate the man, but I love the boy.
For I think what my own, had he lived, would be;
Perhaps it is he, come back from the dead—
To his father, alas, not me!

But I stand too long in the shadow, here,
Let me out in the light again.
Now for insults, blows, perhaps,
And bitterer still, my own disdain!

I take my place in the crowd of men,
Not like the simple women I see;—
You may cheat them as much as you please,
You wear no mask with me!

I know ye! Under your honeyed words
There lurks a serpent: Your oaths are his;
There's a lustful fire in your hungry hearts,
I see it flaming up in your eyes!
Cling to them, ladies, and shrink from me,
Or rail at my boldness. Well, have you done?
Madam, your husband knows me well;
Mother, I know your son!

But go your ways, and I'll go mine;
Call me opprobrious names if you will;
The truth is bitter; think I have lied;
"A harlot?" Yes! But a woman still!
God said of old, to a woman like me,
"Go, sin no more," or the Bibles lie,
But you, you mangle his merciful word,
To—"Go, and sin till you die!"

Die! the word has a pleasant sound,
The sweetest I've heard this many a year:
It seems to promise an end to pain.
Any way, it will end it—here!
Suppose I throw myself in the street?
Before the horses could trample me down,
Some would-be friend might snatch me up,
And thrust me back on the town!

But look, the river! From where I stand
I see it, I almost hear it flow?
Down on the dark and lonely pier—
It is but a step—I can end my woes!
A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er.
The death black waters will drag me down
God knows where! But no matter where,
So I am off the town! —Golden Age.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

AN HOUR IN SAN JOSE JAIL,
With Vasquez, who is under Sentence to be
Hanged on the 19th of March.

BY MRS. L. E. DRAKE.

We arrived in the city of San Jose on the 30th of January, by invitation to lecture before the Humanitarian Society on Sunday, the 31st, which we did to a large and appreciative audience. Learning the fact that Vasquez was in jail there, we felt determined to see and talk with him, if possible. Consequently, on Monday morning, in company with Mrs. P. A. Tark, we repaired to the Sheriff's office, found Mr. Adams, the sheriff, who is a pleasant gentleman, and gave his consent with grace and ease, bidding the jailor to escort us to the cell of Vasquez.

When the door which hid from view the inner door, composed of iron bars, swung ajar, our soul sickened within us, as we thought of the many human beings (*somebody's loved ones*) who have been, and still are, languishing in their gloomy cells, inside the grates and bars of the prison wall. We took courage with the next breath, and followed the jailor into the gloomy abode, who called out as he approached the cell of the doomed man:

"Vasquez, here are some ladies who wish to see you."

In an instant, the pale, thin face of an apparently sick man appeared at the small aperture in the iron door of his cell. As we came near his cell he reached his hand through the opening, and, for the first time in our life, we clasped in ours, the hand of one on whom the laws of our country have set the death seal, and are soon to murder. The hand was small and thin, cold and clammy, and lay in ours like that of a corpse; no friendly grasp, but stiff with hopelessness, and seemed cold and rigid with fear, as he scanned us with a searching gaze.

We said "good morning," as we took his hand, to which he replied, in a friendly tone, "Good morning, ma'am." We then told him our business was to learn of him something of

his former life, if he was willing to give it, and as we often wrote for the papers, would much like to hear from his own mouth the story of his life. To which he replied in broken English, being a Spaniard:

"Yes, I be willing; me tell you all me can; me not talk much plain. You no talk Spanish?"

We informed him we could not. The jailor then came to our relief, and when the English language failed him, the jailor kindly interpreted the Spanish; in this way we learned the following:

Tiburcio Vasquez, the doomed man, was born at Monterey, Cal., August 11, 1835. His father was, under the Spanish government, a captain of a sea-port in Mexico. Young Vasquez had poor advantages for education, never attending school but six months when in his tenth year; after which he served as chore-boy in a store one year. His father died when he was twelve years of age; he remained with his mother five years, a portion of the time cutting wood by the cord, on a ranche near Monterey, and also, during the five years, got in trouble with some girl, whose name he refused to give, and only stated that he had much trouble on her account, which lasted two years. He then worked on a ranche in Santa Clara Valley two years, then went to Los Angeles, looking for something to do; finally hired to a man to sell horses, and was to have a certain share of the profits. The man had stolen the horses, though at that time Vasquez did not know it. He was finally arrested for having been caught with the horses in his possession, and when told the horses had been stolen, he thoughtlessly said, "Yes, me steal 'em."

We asked him why he done so, to which he replied, "Me not think me go to prison, cause me so young then; me not know about all de laws; and me was friend to man who steal de horses; me not want him go to prison."

The real thief escaped, and poor Vasquez was tried before the courts and sentenced to prison for five years. He, with others, escaped from the prison after two years confinement, but was recaptured and another year added to the sentence, making six years in the penitentiary for the crimes of another. After his time expired, he returned to the home of his mother, in Monterey, but remained there only a few months; went to San Juan to visit a brother, had some trouble with a man who accused him of stealing his wife, was shot in the neck by said man, and confined from this wound for three months; said he was not guilty of the wife stealing, but preparations were made for his arrest as soon as he recovered; therefore, he escaped to the mountains as soon as he was able to walk.

We asked him what he done there for a living? "O," said he, "me steal then."

"What did you steal?"

"O, everything."

"How long did you remain there?"

"O, some time there, some time out, ever since."

"Then you have been a robber, in and out of the mountains, ever since you escaped from the sick bed?"

"Yes, me done great many wrongs; O, me rob many people."

"Did you ever kill any one?"

"O, no, no; me never kill any one; me never see any one killed."

"But you have been a bad and cruel man; stealing everything you could use for profit to yourself or the band to which you belonged?"

"Yes, me did."

"Was you the captain of the band?"

"O, yes, me was sometimes; sometimes somebody else."

"Well, how do you feel with regard to your sentence; that is, have you any hopes of a new trial? and if not, are you willing to die?"

At this, his face seemed still whiter than before; he drew a little back from the aperture, laid his hands upon his bosom, and looking upward, said:

"O, me don't know; may have new trial, may not; me leave all with God; he my lawyer; he know it all."

We conversed with him a short time, with regard to the life beyond, told him if he had been wronged here, that the angels knew it all, and would give him better conditions, and help him to live a better life there than he had lived here.

"O, yes," said he, "me do better then."

"Do you think, if you could again be free, you would live a better life here?"

At the word *free*, his eyes kindled and a faint smile lit, for a moment, on his pale face, as he said, clasping his hands together:

"O, yes; O, yes; me would do better, better."

We then handed the jailor a copy of our "Poems of Free Thoughts," asked him to write Vasquez's name in full upon the cover, which he did. We gave it to the doomed man, at the same time telling him we must go, but would call again if we could. He thanked us in a gentle tone, stretching out his hand, which we again held in ours, while he bowed, and in a low tone bid us "good-by."

As we saw him through the small opening, we judged him about five feet six inches high; when in full health and strength, judge he was strong and muscular for one of his size; black or nearly black hair, low, receding forehead, small dark eyes, which seem to have been long trained to watch on every side.

Our heart sickened as we passed out again into the open air, and we could not but exclaim to Mrs. Tark: "His is an organization that kindness alone could ever develop (and that but slowly) to higher conditions; but cruelty and wrongs soon drive to madness, crime, and ruin."

For the Spiritualist at Work.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

BRO. E. V. WILSON:—I enclose a short criticism on a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Smyth at Grace M. E. Church—a \$200,000 church, and of course one of some account. I do hold that we, as Spiritualists, are too ignorant of what our enemies, the Orthodox, are doing. I do think it important that we be posted in what turns and gyrations they make, to establish superstition and put down truth and liberty. I wrote the following criticism for our local paper, but, short and mild as it is, it could not be admitted.

Thus you see how effectually the clergy rule

the secular press of this country. Their power is fearful, and if it is not broken, it will break the strong back of liberty. The sermon criticised was on Science and the Bible, and if this proves acceptable, I may continue the subject further.

If Mr. Smyth should not see this, several other Reverends will, and I hope it may set them to thinking, as thought is the beginning of wisdom.

I think it but fair that students should be permitted to question their teachers, and as Mr. Smyth has made the attempt to teach us the true relations between the Bible and Science, he has certainly opened the door for criticism and honest inquiry. If this is not so, then we must bow to his dictation, and become his mental slaves!

The gentleman gave us to understand in the commencement that the Bible of the small Christian world was the only Bible on the earth, and that it was a revelation from God. He re-stated the oft-repeated and yet unproved declaration that it contains no errors, no contradictions.

Now, in all honesty, in the sacred name of truth, I must ask, how can a man like Mr. Smyth stand before an intelligent audience and make such statements?

He named several of the Bibles of those whom Christians choose to denominate Heathen nations, and remarked that all these could be easily proved untrue, because they contained many contradictions, and consequently were not the word of God.

Will the gentleman have candor and fairness enough to permit a Jew to apply his critical eye to the Bible; apply the same test which he applies to other Bibles? If so, he will find that his Bible must inevitably be denounced a failure, for the same reason that he says other Bibles fail. Let us proceed to ask the gentleman to read a few passages and reconcile them, and if he can accomplish that, he will have much less trouble thereafter in reconciling Science and the Bible than he had on this occasion. I quote:

"And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good." (Gen. i: 31.)

Again: "And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." (Gen. vi: 6.)

Is God weary? What does resting mean?

"For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested, and was refreshed." (Ex. xxxi: 17.)

"I am weary with repenting." (Jer. xv: 6.)

Again: "Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" (Isa. xl: 28.)

Does God repent?

"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart." (Gen. vi: 6.) Now again:

"God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" (Num. xxiii: 19.)

Please explain these apparent contradictions in the Holy Bible, and confer a great favor upon the lovers of reason, of truth, of science, and especially of religious liberty.

Mr. Smyth also made some very unfair and unjust statements against Scientists. He said they would travel over the world to prove the Bible untrue. Again, he said the Scientists would accept anything, so it contradicted the Bible.

What do such men as Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, or Spencer, care about it? Not a groat. Such minds are far above such trifling things as to accept anything that is not clearly proven by sound reason, at least, if not by scientific facts. It is unjust, unfair, illiberal, and unchristian to make such charges against the men who devote their lives to the honest investigation of scientific truths. It is a weak subterfuge against the votaries of science, who have as much desire for truth, and as much reason as Mr. Smyth.

TRUTH SEEKER.

A YANKEE EDITOR'S NEW PIL- GRIM'S PROGRESS.

MILESTONES IN HIS JOURNEY FROM 1620 TO 1874.

1620—Lands on Plymouth Rock, and sets up for himself.

1621—Keeps Thanksgiving—in no danger of over-eating.

1622—Builds a meeting-house.

1623—Proclaims a Fast Day.

1628—Cuts down a May-pole at Merry Mount as a rebuke to vain recreations.

1635—Is crowded for accommodations, and stakes out a new farm at Connecticut.

1637—Makes war on the Antinomians and the Pequot Indians, and whips both.

1638—Starts a college, and

1640—Sets up a printing press.

1643—Goes into a confederacy—the First Colonial Congress.

1648—Lays down the Cambridge platform—hangs a witch.

1649—Sets his face against the unchristian custom of wearing long hair, "a thing uncivil and uncomely."

1651—Is rebuked for "intolerable excess and bravery of apparel," and is forbidden to wear gold and silver lace, or any such gewgaws.

1652—Coins Pine Tree shillings, and makes the business profitable.

1663—Prints a Bible for the Indians.

1680—Buys a "hang-up" clock, and occasionally carries a silver watch that helps him to guess the time of day. About this period learns to use forks at table, a new fashion.

1692—Is scared by witches again at Salem, but gets the better of them.

1702—Founds another college, which, at last, settles down at New Haven.

1704—Prints his first newspaper in Boston.

1705—Takes coffee as a luxury, and at his own table.

1708—Contracts another platform—this time at Saybrook.

1710—Begins to sip tea—very sparingly. It does not come into family use until five and twenty years later.

1711—Puts a letter in his first Post-office.

1720—Eats a potato and takes one home to plant in his garden as a curiosity.

1721—Is inoculated for the small-pox—not without grave remonstrances from his conservative neighbors.

Begins to sing by note on Sundays, thereby encountering much opposition and opening a ten years' quarrel.

1740—Manufactures tinned ware, and starts the first tin peddler on his travels.

1742—Sees Faneuil Hall built. The cradle of liberty is ready to be rocked.

1745—Builds an organ, but does not permit it to be played in the meeting-house.

1750—Buys a bushel of potatoes for winter's use—all his friends wondering what he will do with so many.

1755—Puts up a Franklin stove in the best room, and tries one of the newly-invented lightning rods.

1760—About this time begins to wear a collar to his shirt. When he can afford it, takes his wife to meeting in a chaise instead of on a pillion, as heretofore.

1765—Shows his dislike to stamped paper, and joins the "Sons of Liberty."

1768—Tries his hand at type sounding—not yet successfully—in Connecticut.

1770—Buys a home-made wooden clock.

1773—Waters his tea in Boston harbor. Plants Liberty trees wherever he can find good soil.

1774—Lights Boston streets with oil lamps—a novelty (though "new lights" have been plenty for some years).

1776—Brother Jonathan—as he begins to be called in the family—declares himself free and independent.

1780—Buys an "Umbrillo" for Sunday; and whenever he shows it is laughed at for his effeminacy.

1791—Starts a cotton spinning factory.

1792—Has been raising silk worms in Connecticut; and now gives his minister (not his wife) a home-made silk gown. Buys a carpet for the middle of the parlor floor.

1793—Invents the Cotton Gin, and thereby trebles the value of Southern plantations.

1795—1800—Wears pantaloons occasionally, but not when in full dress. Begins to use plates on the breakfast and tea table.

1802—Has the boys and girls vaccinated.

1806—Tries to burn a piece of hard coal from Philadelphia. A failure.

1807—Sees a boat go by steam on the Hudson.

1815—Holds a little Convention at Hartford, but doesn't propose to dissolve the Union. Buys one of Terry's patent "shelf clocks," for \$36, and regulates his watch by it.

1817—Sets up a stove in the meeting-house, and builds a fire in it for Sunday; an innovation which is stoutly resisted by many.

1818—Begins to run a steamboat on Long Island sound, and—after making his will—takes passage on it to New York.

1819—Grown bolder, he crosses the Atlantic in a steamboat.

1822—Lights gas in Boston. At last learns how to make hard coal burn, and sets a grate in his parlor. Buys a steel pen (one of Gillott's, sold at \$33 per gross). Has his every day shirt made without ruffles.

1825—About this time puts a percussion lock on his old musket.

1826—Buys his wife a pair of queer-shaped India-rubber over-shoes. Puts on his first false collar.

1828—Tastes his first tomato—doubtfully. Is told that it is unfashionable to feed himself with his knife—and buys silver forks for great occasions.

1832—Builds a railroad, and rides on it.

1833—Rubs the first friction matches—then called "lucifer," and afterwards "loco-foco." Throws away the old tinder box, with its flint and steel.

1835—Invents the revolver, and sets about supplying the world with it as a peacemaker.

—Tries a gold pen, but cannot find a good one yet, nor till 1844.

1837—Gets in a panic—and out again, after a free use of "shin-plasters."

1838—Adopts the new fashion of putting his letters in envelopes, a fashion which does not fairly prevail till seven years later.

1840—Sits for his daguerreotype, and gets a fearfully and wonderfully made picture. Begins to blow himself up with "Camphene" and "Burning Fluid," and continues the process for years, with changes of the active agents, down to and including "Non-Explosive Kerosene."

1844—Sends his first message by the electric telegraph.

1847—Buys his wife a sewing machine, in the vain hope that somehow it will keep the buttons on his shirt.

—Begins to receive advices from the "spirit world."

1855—Begins to bore and be bored by the Hoosac Tunnel.

1858—Celebrates laying of the ocean cable, and sends a friendly message to John Bull. Next week begins to doubt whether the cable has been laid at all.

1861—Goes South to help compose a family quarrel. Takes to using paper money.

1861—1865—Climbs the hill "Difficulty"—relied on his pack after January 1, 1864; but loses Great Heart at the last, April 14, 1865.

1866—Gets the Atlantic cable in working order at last, in season to send word to his British cousins, who have been waiting for an invitation to his funeral, that he "lives yet."

1866—75—Is reconstructing and talking about resumption. Sends his boys to the museum to see an old-fashioned silver dollar. Bores away at the Hoosac Tunnel.

is smaller than that of the unmarried. And so also physicians know that, with all its physical trials, married life is better for woman than unmarried. There is something in the fitness of things to the end for which they were created. What science seems to establish in one decade may be set aside by science in another, but a greater man than Herbert Spencer must arise to convince the world that marriage is not in all respects the best state for both man and woman.—*N. Y. Times.*

"ELLEN TYLER."

A SINGULAR SEANCE IN SOUTHERN COLORADO.

The *Saline County (Mo.) Progress* prints the following letter in a recent issue:

As you know, for a few years I have been a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism, but had and have never seen a professional medium. What I am about to relate occurred in a circle which I organized myself, among my own friends and acquaintances. About two weeks ago I found out a few friends who were anxious to investigate the subject, and a quiet, retiring, little lady friend who informed me that when a child she possessed a mysterious power, (said by her father to be the devil,) which would enable her to do wondrous things, until sharply forbidden by her parents; but until the present time she had not attempted to exercise the power. I knew her years ago, when a child. She was a pupil in the Christian College, in Platt City, under Professor H. B. Todd.

Well, we met and formed our circle. We sat around a table and joined hands; after singing, raps came very loud on the table. The medium was suddenly thrown into a trance, and described several spirits, some of which were readily recognized in one or two instances, but not at all in others. We were told by the spirits to build a cabinet, and that they would appear and talk to us, face to face. The next week we met again, and the medium invited us into the next room to see the cabinet. We joined hands, the medium went into the cabinet, and we sang, "Shall we gather at the river?" In a few moments, loud knocks were heard in the cabinet, and an arm and hand appeared, imperfectly materialized, having an unearthly, ghastly, disagreeable appearance. It faded away before our eyes; it was seen by all. In a few minutes more, hard knocks were heard, and an imperfect face appeared and disappeared; this was repeated several times. Loud knocks, warning us to expect some manifestations, were heard. The curtain opened, and a face appeared, perfectly formed. It glided slowly from the cabinet, about a foot, and the lower portion of the body and garments were imperfectly formed, before our full gaze. The face was that of a young lady, apparently about twenty, with black hair, black eyes, and dressed in white. She attempted to talk, but we could only hear inarticulate sounds. The circle being broken by one of the ladies, in fright, the apparition dissolved into thin air before the eyes of ten different persons. The spirits then rapped loudly for assistance for the medium. I sprang over the railing and caught her as she reeled from the cabinet, almost fainting and cold as ice.

During these manifestations the lamp was burning nearly as brightly as usual; it was light enough to distinguish every feature, and the working of every muscle.

Our next seance was held last night. The circle (or semi-circle rather) was formed, hands joined, and so on, as usual. In a few moments the raps came, inside the cabinet in which the medium sat. Just opposite, the black curtain hung before the door, the curtain rustled, and a face appeared at the aperture (a simple slit in the curtain). It quickly disappeared, and was followed by several indistinctly materialized faces. Next came a more distinct form of a woman, from the waist upward. She disappeared, and in a few moments raps, louder than before, came, the curtain opened, and a face appeared, came out of the cabinet, and slowly formed into a perfect female form within five feet of us. When completely formed, she glided up to the railing, and in a perfectly audible, distinct voice, whispered hurriedly, "I am Ellen Tyler; I am thirty-five years old; I died in Canton" (or Camden, we could not tell exactly what the name of the place was); "turn up the light; more yet." She then glided to the cabinet, raised the curtain in a full blaze of the lamp, and said, "See, see." She stepped aside, holding up the curtain, and pointed to the medium, who sat in full view, in a profound trance. One of the ladies, in fright, exclaimed, "O, God, can this be true!" and throwing up her hands, she broke the circle. The apparition began to dissolve, and dropped the curtain. The rapping summoned us to the assistance of the medium, whom we found greatly prostrated and cold as marble. I immediately took a lamp into the cabinet and we all examined carefully, and there was no trace whatever of any fraud, and every one of us would testify that no possible fraud could have been practiced. Our medium being a modest, retiring married lady, she could have no machinery or apparatus to practice deception. The spirit was much taller than the medium, and totally unlike her. No one recognized the spirit. I know a Mrs. Ellen Tyler, once a particular friend of mine, but she cannot be the one, as I think my friend is still living. The spirit was clothed in a long, white, loose, flowing robe, gathered at the waist with a white scarf.

We are promised more palpable and better manifestations still, at future circles, and I will report from time to time. To say that we were

psychologized, or were the subjects of "unconscious cerebration," is absurd. To say that it was the effect of imagination is simply ridiculous. Of our circle, three or four were believers. In fact, our medium did not know or believe anything about Spiritualism until we organized our circle. I will gladly answer any letters of inquiry addressed me. Yours, truly,

FRANK H. SHROCK.

South Pueblo, Col.

MARTHA BROSSIER.

A "KATIE KING" OF OTHER DAYS.

The New York *Times* of Tuesday, the 28th ult., tells this old story, with a moral which may be applied with benefit to-day. The occurrences which it relates happened in France in 1599, but the superstition of which it tells is as vital to-day as it was then. Possibly it is in that fact that the moral lies; but the reader will doubtless find that out for himself.

Those were sadly wicked and degraded times — those quaint and picturesque days of 1599. The old century, tottering out, weak with debauch, and looking ghastly enough under its load of ribbons and laces, and other costly finery of the period, was jostled by a fresh, ribald age, superstitious, profane, venal, and contemptuous. The court was half inclined to despise and mock at the church; and the churchmen, for their part, were far from as good as they should be. The aristocracy was haughty and brutal; the plebeians were cringing and mean. Religious enthusiasm one day drove men and women in long and nude procession through the streets; on the next, cynicism forced them to revile the altars by which they had so lately knelt. Paris was a den of iniquities; morals were scorned; manners were but cloaks for immorality.

In this sunset of a villainous age, there came to a Southern French city a girl, named Martha Brossier, brought thither by her father, who was a weaver, from a remote province. This weaver boldly announced his daughter as one possessed of the devil, and presented her to curious citizens as a spectacle worthy their consideration. Cardinal De la Rouchefoucauld became the girl's protector, and openly announced his belief in her as one given to demons. The young woman gave exhibitions of her sufferings; went into horrible contortions, made frightful grimaces, howled and cried in demoniac fashion. She traveled up and down, from city to city, until she encountered a prelate who was not credulous enough to be her dupe, who unmasked her tricks, and commanded her forthwith to retire to her native village and to abuse the public confidence no further. So complete was the exposure that the impostor was confounded, and all her extraordinary convulsions were shown clearly to be attributed to natural causes. But the order was not obeyed, and Martha Brossier and her pretended devil wended their way to Paris. As soon as her public performances were begun, the Bishop of Paris assembled all the principal doctors in theology and medicine, and on the 30th of March, 1599, the Brossier girl's sincerity was tested. As it was at that time generally conceded that the devil understood all languages, ancient and modern, two learned doctors accosted in Greek and Latin the evil spirit supposed to be hidden within the form of the young girl — but the devil remained, according to the ancient chronicle, "stupid and mute." It was, therefore, decided by the accomplished assembly that Martha Brossier was not "possessed;" and she was accordingly pronounced an impostor.

But, as this did not satisfy the large numbers of the people, who seemed determined to believe in her, she was allowed another public trial, at which the best physicians and the most enlightened of the monks proved that Martha Brossier's contortions were only mountebankery, and that there was nothing diabolical in her, except her falsehood. Nevertheless, the impostor, with undaunted impudence, persisted and finally prevailed upon other doctors and monks, of small reputation, to admit that there was something inexplicable in her manifestations. She was, however, thrown into prison; but so great finally became the interest in her, that the kingdom was brought to the verge of civil war by the intrigues and incendiary appeals of the monks who supported her claims. The clergy felt itself obliged to denounce the court for attempting to usurp clerical functions in dealing with the supposed demon. The court got angry, and had the clergy summoned before the Parliament; and Martha Brossier, whether or not she was possessed of the devil, certainly raised him generally.

Now the masses of the people, who had heard all about the girl Brossier and her demon, had made up their minds that the former was sincere and the latter real. They had seen the impostor confounded by the doctors in theology and medicine; they had been shown twenty times that all her tricks were simple and easily to be performed by any human being; but they would not change their minds; they wanted a wonder, and they found satisfaction in Martha and her devil. So, when the girl was released from prison, all the royal edicts in the world could not hinder them from flocking to see her, and, although she was forbidden to exhibit her impostures, she held secret seances in country towns.

As it was then, so it is now. To-day clever impostors and swindlers, after they have been forced to submit to the most thorough exposures, after their dark cabinets and materialized spirits have been rendered ridiculous by the light of truth — still keep the credence of the masses, and ever will. Human nature has changed but little in this period of nearly three

centuries which separates Martha Brossier from Katie King and the Eddy Brothers. Jugglers and mountebanks still win success by claiming supernatural influence, and ten thousand scientists, with searching and disastrous investigation, cannot shake the besotted credulity which seems to find pleasure in being duped.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE DEVIL.
GIVEN BY EDWARD PALMER, DIRECT FROM HIS
SATANIC MAJESTY, "OLD NICK."

CHAPTER XIV.

After the baptism, Noah and his family continued to adhere to the cause of the gods. At a later day one Abram, a descendant of Noah, became noted for his attachment to the same cause. Abram's descendants became a nation, whose chief corner-stone was the worship of Yuarah. They were first called Israelites; but their nation becoming divided, those tribes that adhered the more rigidly to the worship of Yuarah (or Juh) were called Jews.

According to a covenant made with Abram this was Juh's chosen people. Had this people remained in their native country many other nations would have been saved much evil, for their influence was very corrupting to the morals of those with whom they associated.

Through the treachery, however, of the sons of Jacob (grandson of Abram) one of their number (his name was Joseph, I think,) was brought into the land which I had chosen to be the dwelling-place of a free people; and, through the influence of this Joseph, the whole family came into Egypt.

This tribe at length becoming so troublesome, on account of its crimes and depredations, were ordered by the Egyptians to leave the country. The Israelites refused so to do, and made war upon the Egyptians — the first war my people had ever known. The Egyptians, in self-defense, were obliged to reduce the Israelites to a condition of dependence and servitude. Only through this means did my people rid themselves of those vagabonds.

Being at last driven out of Egypt, the Israelites commenced a series of wars, beginning with the first nation that came in their way, and continuing them upon whatever nation sought to oppose them in their career of outlawry and barbarism.

Under these circumstances I became more or less involved with other nations in my endeavors to enable them to defeat the Israelites. Although my regard for the welfare of humanity was in itself a strong incentive to espouse the cause of the Gentile nations, I should not have done so so openly had not Michael attempted to impeach my veracity.

When the Israelites were driven out of Egypt, one Moses became their leader by the command of my father. Father, at that time, was only nominal sovereign in Heaven, Michael being the real ruler. Thus Michael controlled the affairs of Israel, and, seeking my overthrow and the destruction of so much of mankind as did not bow knee unto him, incited them to make war upon all nations with whom they came in contact. Michael, not finding Moses to be a man of war, and also wishing to gain time to imbue the Israelites with the spirit of bloodshed, kept them in the wilderness until Moses was too old for active service in the field, and one better fitted to lead the hosts of war was raised up. When, in the person of Joshua, he found a leader suited to his purpose, the Israelites marched to the borders of Canaan.

Just before entering the land Joshua, becoming fearful that if Moses was permitted to attend them he might oppose him in carrying out his designs of rapine and bloodshed, decoyed him to the top of a mountain, with the pretext to show him the land of Canaan, and there slew him, and buried his body. Being cognizant of this murder, I made it known, hoping thereby, knowing the high esteem in which Moses was held by the Israelites, to prevent Joshua from coming into command. Michael undertook to silence me, by declaring that Moses died after the common manner of men, and that the Lord buried his body! Thus a personal issue entered into the controversy; and at that time I determined that there should be no peace between Michael and myself until one be subjugated by the other.

Being, for the next ten centuries, chiefly engaged in resisting the efforts of Michael to establish the Israelites and overthrow the other nations, my own became so fully identified with general history that I deem it more

fitting to reserve such for my intended "Commentary."

Suffice it to say: Michael, finding that his efforts proved failures, resorted, in conjunction with my father, to another scheme whereby "to rule or ruin" mankind.

As I have heretofore been brought to the notice of the public as an active agent in striving to arrest the unfolding of that scheme, I will next introduce myself at a time just after its conception.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
A SPECIAL COMMUNICATION
TO W. B., FROM HIS SPIRIT GUIDE.

In all the events of life there is a purpose and an intent, so that it is vain to repine; you cannot retrace a step or replace a deed. You may sigh in remorse or agonizing regret; it will not avail; all you can do is to avoid a repetition and steer for a more useful end.

Your life is full of regrets, and it avails nothing to you now; but hereafter it will prove beneficial in instructing you, therefore be cheerful, not desponding; aim higher, and good will follow your exertions; strive to conquer annoyances, and smile at them in derision, for no one knoweth what a day is to bring forth. The morning's dawn may be bright and beautiful, but the shades of evening may clothe you in a mantle of gloomy apprehension, so that you sigh for the darkness to hide you in oblivion. Such is the experience on earth to the living. Whether industrious or idle, all appear to suffer the same series of apprehension, doubt, distrust and fear; according to their respective occupations and positions, not one station in life is free from these lessons of physical trial and mental trouble. Reverse the picture, and count the hours and the days of joy, contentment and happiness; they are few in number, of fleeting shadows, tinged with discontent even in the midst of enjoyment. There is no stability in the life of man on earth. From his advent to his exit, he is restless and disquieted; the toys of his childhood quickly palled, the pursuits of maturity are eccentric, and the riches of old age crush with care the spirit within. Such is human life. What is it worth? and the mundane thought echoes, aye, what is it worth?

Listen, child of mortality, and I will whisper of its value, and disperse the clouds from off thee; walk with me in spirit, and in spirit I will commune and show thee the true beauties of life and the joys of existence. *What wast thou before the hour of thy birth, and what shalt thou be at the hour of thy death? Canst thou answer?* Art thou born for thy own pleasure? or, art thou ordained for an endless duty?

These questions are all replied to by one answer — *I know not.* Then, why art thou gloomy and distrustful; why should fear haunt thee, or anxiety oppress thee? Why should thoughts indefinable harass and embitter thy few waking hours and render the duties of a day trials of anguish and distress? Canst thou answer? *No. I know not.* It is not given to mortal man to understand the phases of his material life. Earth bewilders with its seeming irregularities, so that each day's experience adds difficulties to the solution, and weary human nature exclaims, "Life is worthless; it is an enigma; its happiness is fleeting, its sorrows endure forever." With this experience, how can man judge mortality understandingly? Can he see the necessity for pain, or comprehend the conflict in the mental forces by material laws? He cannot; it is presumptuous to claim such an ability. Birth has united him to the earth; and the laws of earth cannot unlock the portals of the invisible chamber of thought. Birth and death are mortal life. The indefinable, invisible mental power soars above them. I have said listen to me, child of earth, and I will tell thee of life's value, and lift from off thy mind the dark shadows of perplexity and fear that torment thee. Life existed before matter, and was the originator of light — light impenetrable in the darkness of glory ineffable. Such an enigma is the life of man, immortal man, encrusted by nature's law in a crude garment of matter, a shell coating of beautiful variegated hues of brightness, which dazzle with scintillating rays, this mysterious evidence of an invisible power. Life is a principle of perpetuation, without a beginning or ending, existing in endless phases of material manifestations, visible to each other in their

crude garments, but invisible in their mental forces, so that, as a principle of existence, it remains forever incomprehensible and instructive; for it must continue to produce in order to maintain and prove its own existence. Of this principle art thou, oh man, a product, a co-laborer, and dependent; united with matter, a subject, an instrument, and an everlasting enigma — a terror to thyself and a fear to thy neighbor; in harmony with all the material evidences, and yet antagonistic to every one. Such art thou, child of earth, the indefinable ultimate in the problem of matter.

Seeing, then, the importance of thy existence, and the unknown extent of thy power, are the trifling incidents of a day to mar thy life, or the perplexities of an hour to embitter the school hours of dawning utility? Learn, my child, to know that nature records every deed, and each word and thought is registered in the tablets of earth for an after application.

The life on earth is the dawn, the grave is the noon-day, and the resurrection of the spiritual body the beginning of instruction. Your entrance into the school of causes unfolds every occurrence, clears every ambiguity, and shows to you the Free Life, shorn of its foibles and perplexities. Then will you see in your earthly career the law that unfolded you, as a flower in a material wilderness, and placed before you the pages of experience that perplexed thy infant mind. Life will become a pleasure to you, as an active labor, guided by equity, love and truth. Those whom you meet with in the passage-way of existence, whether as friend or foe, companion or adversary, teacher or pupil, lover or enemy, you meet again in duty of rectification and instruction. Joy and happiness are before you, allied again in industry, for only by labor is wisdom acquired, and in eternity hatred, anger and strife are removed in lessons of utility, for no inharmony can exist in the realms of spirit purity. Therefore be of good courage, believing that every earthly trial is a gem in the hereafter, shining according to the patience of its cultivation. None are brought together in the earth life that have not a *united duty* to perform in *that hereafter*, when crudity of thought, selfishness of desire, and superstition in belief have fallen as scales from the eye of life and are dissolved with the caskets of flesh, releasing the mental power in purity and reverence to its founder, for an everlasting existence of labor.

PHILO.
New Orleans, 1873.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
At a meeting for tests, in Republican Hall, No. 57 33d street, Mr. Wilson said: "I see a man with iron gray hair, looks to be about fifty years of age, fair complexion, high forehead, thin lips, nose Grecian not Roman, compressed lips; a man of strong nerves; should judge, when in life, he weighed 180 pounds. He lays his hand on that lady's shoulder, and holds in hand a package of papers which he wishes to give you; he is very much troubled about them. He says you have been defrauded out of them; he says it is something in relation to a home, of which you have been defrauded." This was on the 28th of February. The lady and gentleman at that time made no reply, not wishing to attract attention.

On the following Sunday, March 7th, he held a seance in Brooklyn, and this same lady and gentleman were there, when he saw the same vision or spirit, relating the facts as before, to the audience. The gentleman then got up, said Mr. Wilson said the same on the preceding Sunday evening, and two gentlemen corroborated, who also heard him. The description of the man was correct. In regard to the papers, in his lifetime he told what papers he had drawn up, and after his decease those papers were torn up, destroyed.

Mr. Wilson then said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I neither know the name of the lady and gentleman, nor ever saw them before Sunday evening, Feb. 28. I tried to get the name of the Spirit, but he would not give it, not wishing his name made public."

GEO. EVERSON.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Several weeks ago, a child, six years of age, disappeared from Erie, Pa., and nothing was known of its whereabouts until a few days ago, when a medium living at Dunkirk, N. Y., was consulted, who informed its friends that, though the child was then living, they would find its dead body in a collection of timber. They went to the place designated, and found the body yet warm.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, MARCH 27, 1875.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DUNPAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS,
172 & 174 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,
Where Subscriptions may be paid and Advertisements received.

Our friends in Michigan will please take notice that CARLOS E. WRIGHT, of Maple Valley, Montcalm Co., Mich., will receive subscriptions for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, until further notice.

E. V. WILSON.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All notices for meetings, celebrations, or other Spiritual gatherings, should be sent to 172 and 174 Clark st., Chicago, to Hazlitt & Reed, in order to insure prompt attention. All advertisements for mediums, speakers, or other matters wanting prompt attention as advertisements, must be accompanied with the money, at the rate of ten cents a line of seven words, for the first insertion, and eight cents a line for each subsequent insertion. And our publishers will pay no attention to an advertisement unless accompanied with the cash.

We do not care for more than one and a half or two columns of advertisements at the outside.

THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

To all whom it may concern, Greeting: Our next Convention, the fourth annual meeting of the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, will be held on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of June, 1875. We prefer to hold it in the country, at some place where we can get a good hall and other accommodations for at least one thousand people. The Spiritualists of Illinois and Wisconsin will remember that this will be our annual meeting, at which all the officers of our Association are to be elected. Spiritualists, come up to this, our fourth annual meeting, and let us reason together.

We now think the Convention will meet at Belvidere, Boone county, Fair Ground. The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists has outlived spleen, hate, and slander, and has maintained a free platform and free speech. And we will put on to the platform the very best talent in the country.

If any officer, or other, have any suggestions to make, please confer by letter, with the secretary.

Done by order of the Convention at its last session, in Chicago, Ill.

E. V. WILSON, Sec'y.

Lombard, Ill., March 17, '75.

All correspondence must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

TO OUR READERS.

To all whom it may concern. This is the seventeenth number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK a paper devoted to the science, philosophy, and testimony of Spiritualism, full of truth and reverence for the truth, containing no bitterness, but respect for friend and foe.

From the day Mr. Jones struck us, through his paper, to the present, we have refrained from any exhibition of the bitter spirit, and shall continue to do so, both in regard to him and all others; for we wish all souls, in the life here and hereafter, well.

Therefore, dear friends, we call the attention of all our readers to the stern fact that our paper costs money, and has to be paid for by us, every week. We have some two hundred subscribers who gave us their names, promising to pay us on receipt of No. 1, Vol. 1, who have not done so. We have kept our promise, and sent you THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, 17 numbers, (postage paid since 1st of January,) thus forming a volume of 120 pages of chaste, pure, and interesting matter on all reform subjects. We now ask you to send us one dollar, each subscriber, and continue your paper to No. 26, and oblige one who loves the cause. We are not going to "publish your names in a black list of delinquent subscribers," as "cheats and dead-beats," or anything of the kind. Nor will we call you naughty names. But we will send you this paper and

No. 18, and then we shall part company—"The Gentle Wilson and Farmer Mary"—with you; and after No. 18, all subscribers whose time expires, will receive one paper marked thus, X, in ink, and if you do not remit inside of two weeks, then your paper will be stopped.

Our paper will continue to be published every two weeks, in Chicago, as heretofore; its columns full of choice reading matter; every number better by far than the preceding one. One feature of our paper ought to command your attention, and that is the fact that we do not fill up our columns with advertisements of Hair Restoratives, warranted to produce hair on all bald heads, save ours, or quack nostrums, of but little benefit to anyone save the vendor.

All who read this will look at the first number of the paper received, and then reckon as follows: 13 numbers for 50 cents, 26 numbers for \$1.00, thus seeing at a glance what you owe us, and when you remit, if you want your paper stopped, mark stop, and it shall be done. And now let us live, by sending up your subscriptions, and all will be well.

BE SURE AND READ THIS.

To our Subscribers in Chicago: We are informed that you do not get your paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. If so, the reason is this: The postage, one cent on each paper, has to be paid in advance, or the city carrier will not deliver the paper. This postage is for the carrier; we cannot pay it. Under the present postal laws, the subscriber living at Oak Park, or any other place outside of the city, in Cook county, gets his paper, free of postage; but the subscriber in the city has to pay one cent on each paper, or he does not get it. We have about one hundred subscribers in Chicago, at one dollar for twenty-six numbers. This would cost us twenty-six dollars a year, which we cannot afford to pay, and we must lose our city subscribers, or they must pay us twenty-six cents each, in advance, for their paper.

Each subscriber in the city will receive the paper this notice is in. On reading it, you can hand in to Messrs. Hazlitt & Reed, Nos. 172 and 174 Clark street, Chicago, the postage, and then you will get your paper. Please remember this notice, and that twenty-six cents a year is charged each city subscriber to any paper published in the city, in addition to the subscription, for carrier's postage. All this is wrong, and there should be no discrimination by legislative act in favor of one class of citizens to the exclusion of another class. But this act is not half as bad as one that occurred at the close of Congress, viz., at the instigation of the Adams Express Company Congress passed a law, taxing mail matters as follows: On matter mailed as third class, two cents an ounce, weighing over one ounce or fraction thereof; thus sustaining the Express Company at the expense of the people. Thus we are taxed, every day fixing the thongs that bind us. Are we a people that have rights at the hands of those who form our laws, and how long shall we stand it?

We will pay the postage on this number, so each city subscriber can read this notice, and then remember the reason why you do not get your paper in the city after this date. The back numbers remain, subject to your orders, at Hazlitt & Reed's, 172 and 174 Clark street.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

Readers, we do not wish to scold or find fault—we cannot do that—but when we remember that seven hundred names were given us a guarantee if we would publish a Spiritual paper, and that full one hundred and fifty of them have not kept their promise with us, we feel that you have not done by us as we have by you.

We give you a first-class paper in thought, and not five subscribers out of nineteen hundred have found fault with us; hence we feel that those persons in Addison, N. Y., Wellboro, Franklin, Westfield, Marlinton, and Chester county, have not dealt with us as we have with them. Some in Philadelphia, Cleveland, Louisville, New York, and Chicago, are wanting in the matter of faith in regard to their promise.

We shall not publish your names or call you naughty names, for that would hurt us more than you; besides, it is expensive; but we do feel you could at least send us what is our due, and order your paper stopped. We prom-

ised to send you an eight-page paper for one year, and we have sent it, with this our seventeenth number, and shall continue to send it until the 1st of July, and then we shall stop, for we have kept our promise. Will you keep yours? We shall see.

We publish a letter this week from Brother Shotwell, Concord, Mich., not in spleen, but from principle. The letter speaks for itself. The principle involved is this: Something must be sacrificed. But that "We like it better than the *Banner*, or any Spiritual periodical that we know of, but we have so much other reading matter that we must drop something." Is not the statement and the act inconsistent? Well, Bro. Shotwell, we are loth to part company with you, but will stop your paper after this number, and leave you to break your fast on food not as good as the dish we serve you with.

We have several such letters; one from Nunda Station, N. Y., in the same style. Now Brothers, your statement is "blarney," or you are inconsistent with truth. We love you, nevertheless, and our paper will continue to live on while we live, and our children will continue it after we are gone on. Selah.

THE MINISTERS OF BALTIMORE.

A CARD FROM THE CLERGY.

As an indorsement of PROF. STARR'S entertainment the following Card from the clergy of Baltimore speaks for itself:

A CARD.

After the close of a special entertainment, given at Masonic Temple, Thursday, March 4, 1875, by PROF. C. W. STARR, exposing Spiritualism, the following commendation was unanimously passed by the audience, and presented to PROF. STARR:

BALTIMORE, March 4, 1875.

Having attended an exhibition given by PROF. C. W. STARR, we are satisfied of his ability to perform the feats usually exhibited as Spiritual Manifestations. His exposures of the same are thorough, complete and satisfactory, and we heartily commend his purpose to the citizens of Baltimore, believing him to be engaged in a work valuable to the furtherance of morals and religion.

REV. B. F. BROWN,
Pastor of All Saints Episcopal Church.

REV. B. H. LATROBE, JR.,
Pastor Church of Our Saviour.

REV. G. W. SANDERLIN,
Pastor Franklin Square Baptist Church.

REV. HUGH R. SCOTT,
Pastor St. Matthew's Church.

REV. A. N. GILBERT,
Pastor Christian Church.

REV. G. W. POWELL,
Pastor Universalist Church.

REV. E. N. HARRIS,
Pastor Second Baptist Church.

REV. HENRY SCHEIB,
Pastor Zion German Church.

REV. J. DOCIKSON,
Pastor Otterbein Church.

BOX SHEET AT McCAFFREY'S,

On and after SATURDAY, March 6. Admission 50 cents. Reserved seats 25 cents extra.

The above card is taken from a Baltimore paper, and speaks for itself. This is not the first time, nor will it be the last. The clergy have been duped by professional humbugs, quacks, and tricksters, and when we reflect—recognizing the fact that Bly, Van Vleck, McQueen, and other cheats, counterfeitors, and swindlers, have obtained certificates of character and indorsements from the clergy, and especially when they come denouncing Spiritualism—we are not surprised that these reverend asses sell themselves to this Prof. C. W. Starr—professor of what? Of duping the ministers of Christ? Well, that is not to be wondered at; for, in the actual experiences of life, these reverend gentlemen are shallow, and always in muddy water, especially when anything comes up conflicting with their credal ideas. Let us look at the objective point Prof. Starr has in view; he says to himself, "I can't fool the press, or humbug the lawyers, doctors and business men of Baltimore; therefore, I will turn my attention to the clergy;" and he has played his card well. Let us read, "After the close of a special entertainment, given at Masonic Temple, Thursday, March 4, 1875, by Prof. Starr, exposing Spiritualism, the following commendation was unanimously passed by the audience, and presented to Prof. Starr."

Now, let us analyze the whole thing, and show it up. The resolution and preamble is a nice piece of buncombe; the audience, nine ministers of God, Prof. Starr, and Box Sheet at McCaffrey's. *First*, In this Roll of Honor who play into the hands of Prof. Starr is Rev. B. F. Brown, pastor All Saints Episcopal Church; *Second*, Rev. B. H. Latrobe, pastor Church of Our Saviour; *Third*, Rev. G. W. Sanderlin, pastor Franklin Square Baptist Church; *Fourth*, Rev. Hugh R. Scott, pastor St. Matthew's Church; *Fifth*, Rev. A. N. Gilbert, pastor Christian Church; *Sixth*, Rev. G. W. Powell, pastor Universalist Church; *Seventh*, Rev. E. N. Harris, pastor Second Baptist Church; *Eighth*, Rev. Henry Scheib, pastor Zion German Church; *Ninth*, Rev. J. Docikson, pastor Otterbein Church; *Tenth*, Box Sheet at McCaffrey's.

Now we have the committee and audience before us, and what do they report? This, and this only: *First*, A falsehood, in conveying the impression that there was present an audience large and intelligent, which was not the case, as clearly proved by the advertisement. *Second*, They do not say whose Spiritualism is exposed. Read: "Having attended an exhibition given by Prof. Starr, we are satisfied of his ability to perform the feats usually exhibited as Spiritual manifestations." Will our reverend committee and audience tell us what Prof. Starr done? Did he make a lame man walk, or a deaf man hear, or a blind man see? Did he heal the sick? Did he write on the slate—the slate lying on the table, closed up, and under tests that were crucial? Did he materialize human form—one that you had followed to the grave and tenderly deposited in God's safe keeping, for the judgment? Did he see, describe, and name certain spirits, who once lived in this normal life, so perfectly that you, who had known them, identified them? Did he, independent of human agency, lift a table from the floor, or move a chair ten feet, in your presence? And if so, how do you know that it was not done by the aid of Spirits?

Again, reverend Knights of the Cross, have you ever attended a Spiritual seance, or visited Slade, Mansfield, the Eddys, Mrs. Andrews, or other of our reliable Spiritual mediums? If not, how can you determine the fact that "His exposures of the same are thorough, complete, and satisfactory"? Do you not see that you are filling the bill of one of the parables of Jesus: "And the Lord commanded the unjust steward in that he had done wisely; for the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light"? Now this Prof. Starr represents the children of this world and you nine reverend pastors are the children of light. And here comes in the moral of the thing, and we will apply the language of your Master to you: "And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations."

"And we heartily commend his purpose to the citizens of Baltimore." What purpose? "On and after Saturday, March 6, admission 50 cents. Reserved seats 25 cents extra." Nine reverend men of God recommending the citizens of Baltimore to pay this trickster and mountebank fifty to seventy-five cents each, to sustain an opinion from you on what you know nothing about. "Believing him to be engaged in a work valuable to the furtherance of morals and religion." There is cheek for you, dear readers, such as you rarely find. Nine clergymen endorsing a cheat, trickster, and counterfeiter of Spiritual phenomena, as moral and religious. Why does not the Professor get the names of the editors, doctors, and lawyers to his card? For the very good reason that Prof. Starr knows full well that he cannot soft soap them, or pull wool over their eyes.

And, Messrs. Pastors, why this readiness on your part to endorse this showman, and why do you not say to the mediums, "Come, we, the nine wise pastors of Baltimore, will endorse you as genuine, if you will do by Spirit aid and help, all that Prof. Starr has done"? Come, for once in your lives exhibit generosity and charity equal to your pretensions. That you are afraid of Spiritualism, and not able to meet it in a fair fight, is self-evident; hence, you stoop to conquer, and are defeated every time. We are glad, however, that you have shown your hand, and shall soon expect to find you trying to play God, and exhibit your hinder parts to Baltimore.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

The Pendulum Oracle answers any question correctly, and at once. The most amusing thing of the age. Will expose your inmost thoughts, and astonish as well as amuse all who consult it. It seems to be the "Wooden Horse" to ride Spiritualism gently into the F. F. V.'s and other respectable places, and to convert many from "Blue Orthodoxy" to the "Harmonial Philosophy." It has recently been ordered from nearly every State and Territory in the Union, and thus far no complaints are made. A gentleman in California, who has ordered fifteen "Oracles," says he "has had some very amusing tests," and an intelligent Methodist lady, by its use, was developed to a remarkable medium in a short time.

Copyright secured and patent applied for. Price, 50 cents; by mail, 60 cents; without the box, 10 cents less. D. Doubleday, 684 Sixth Ave., New York.

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER.

Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays, and prevails with Christ—Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purpose he had harbored for twenty years. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Ahitophel hangs himself. Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehosaphat cries to God—God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray—185,000 Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays—the lions are muzzled. Daniel prays—the seventy weeks are revealed. Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays—the king's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elijah prays—rain descends apace. Elijah prays—Jordan is divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back; for prayer reaches eternity. The Church prays ardently—Peter is delivered by an angel.

The above is all very well, and we like it; but when we consider certain modern prayers, we do not find the same success; for instance, Pope Pio Nino prayed, with Rome to back him, against Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, and loses his temporal power. Rome turns her thunder, through prayer, against Bismarck, and loses her hold in Germany. Rome and Protestants unite in prayer against our Spiritualism, and Spiritualism flourishes like a green bay tree. The Church fast, and sin increases. Everywhere the prayers of the faithful are ascending toward the throne of God to crush out evil, and evil so-called does not crush worth one cent.

If, however, we turn our attention to the past, we find as many cases where prayer has failed as it has succeeded. To illustrate: The Hebraic God prays, and here are the results—God prays for a perfect world; it is made, and is a perfect failure. God prays for a gardener; gets one, and loses him. God prays for a righteous man; finds one in Noah, and the moment he is out of the ark he gets drunk. God prays for a faithful man; finds one in Abram of Her, and finds in the end that he too, will lie and commit adultery. God prays to find ten righteous men in Sodom and Gomorrah, and can't do it; finds Lot, and the old man commits incest. God seeks a meek man; finds him in Moses, and Moses gets mad, thus violates God's law, and is prohibited entering the promised land. God prays for a man after his own heart; finds David, the son of Jesse, and this David kills his best general for the sake of his wife. God prays for a man, full of wisdom; finds him in Solomon, who ends his career in the voluptuous retreat of the harem, in the charm of one thousand wives and concubines. God prays for a peculiar people; finds them in the Jews, and they prove a peculiar people indeed, and close up their career by crucifying the God that chose them. And so might we follow up the history of the Bible, and, for every prayer directly answered, find ten that are failures, or result in the violation of law.

Come, Bible worshipers, let us be reasonable and accept of Progression and Spiritualism—the natural results of our normal lives—and all will be well.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

TESTS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

GLENVALE, SPIRIT WORLD.

My once Mate of Earth-life—Greetings to you from my Spirit home, once shown to you in a vision, long years ago. And now, according to my promise, made five weeks ago, I write you from my beautiful home in the sweet retreat, known as Glenvale in our Spirit world. We—Edwin, father, mother, George, and our once blue-eyed baby, now a bright and beautiful maiden—often talk of you in this, our home. George and Arches, the baby, do not remember you (having left earth-life so young), as you was; but since they have reached years of reflection they have become very much attached to you in this Spirit life, and are frequently with you in your home; and love their little brother and sister very much, and their mamma Mary, of the world home.

We witnessed your trials last summer, and with others came to your help, prompting you to utter THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. And well are we pleased with your effort; be not discouraged, for your paper shall and will live and become a great success. Other angel guides are helping you, and if you will be true

all through the future, as in the past, you will succeed.

Your children of earth life will be helpers with you, and ere long will be able to give ocular demonstration of our power to control—enabling them to relieve you of home and office work, for you are wanted in other climes beyond the mountains and plains. Oceans are you to cross ere you come to us.

Your paper—our paper—shall take the lead in all good work, and your enemies shall come to you for food, and you will not give them a stone.

And now, adieu, for we must away to our own Glenvale in the sweet Summer Land, the home of your loved ones.

ARCHE AND FAMILY.

The above Spirit communication is in answer to a promise made us early in January, and at a time when things mundane looked very dark. The sun shines once more, and all is well.

Isa, the medium through whom this was given, will, by and by, be a light of great power before the world.—ED.

"When the evening's starry silence
Follows close the vanished day,
Then I lay aside my labors,
And I put my cares away;
And I listen in the twilight,
While the shadows fill the air,
For the coming of my husband,
And his step upon the stair.

"We are growing old together,
And the end is near at hand,
And our feet are getting nearer
To the shore of God's fair land.
But I feel the youthful vigor
In my heart, above its care,
When I hear the welcome music
Of his step upon the stair.

"One by one our children left us;
Some went home beyond the skies,
To the rest and peace of heaven,
On the hills of paradise;
But my heart is never lonely
Though it sometimes feels its care,
For all lonesome thoughts will vanish
At his step upon the stair."

TESTS DURING OUR MEETINGS.

This winter, at Plattsburgh, N. Y., we gave many fine tests and readings of character.

No. 1. To a man, a Quaker. We saw with him his wife, and fully identified her to him.

No. 2. To a man, Mr. H., we gave many tests, fully describing his character and antecedents; told us by his aunt.

No. 3. To a lady. There stood by her a Spirit; fully recognized.

At Canastota, our meetings were a complete failure, through the terrible storm.

At Newark, N. J., we succeeded well; notwithstanding the storm, our meetings were all we could wish each night we lectured there. We gave several fine tests, all of which were recognized.

In New York city, the test part of our lectures have been wonderful, and their number legion.

No. 1. To a lady. After giving condition of the body, reading character, giving dates in her life history, we said to her, "We feel the full force of one who died of paralysis; it is of the brain or head. Please answer."

Lady—"I know nothing about the paralysis; no such case ever occurred in our family on either side."

"What about the other statements made?"

"You are remarkably correct."

"And you can't answer regarding the paralytic?" "No."

At the conclusion of the meeting, and before the audience left, this lady made the following statement: "On reflection, I will state that my husband had a brother, who was killed in the following manner, he was in the act of firing a gun at a flock of pigeons; the gun exploded, and the lock, or a part of it, entered his head just above the eyes, at this point, (touching the center of the forehead,) that may be the case."

No. 2. A challenge. Call for a lady to be put forward for test reading. At which there arose on our right a woman; we took her handkerchief in our hand, and read her minutely; 1st, her character; 2d, incidents of her life; 3d, a certain peculiarity. "It is this, at times there is a halt in your step; or when talking or reading, the limb refuses to do its duty, or the arm; then again it is the spine or neck. Thus are you afflicted." 4th, one, a Spirit, to me your sister, is with me, and tells me all I have said of you.

Ans. "What you have said is true in every respect."

A Voice. "How about this halting?"

"That is true."

"And the sister?" "That is true, also."

We then stated: "You were compelled to

take a position of individual responsibility, that affects your present as well as the past life." "Yes; when was this?"

"Four years ago." "You are right."

No. 3. To a lady. "We see before you a man; age, 55; height, five feet ten inches; weight, 170 or 180 pounds; hair, dark brown, tinged with gray; side whiskers, the rest of his face smooth; his nose is large, not Roman; mouth firm, but not cold or sensuous in appearance; cheek bones, well defined; eyes, hazel blue. The form or profile of the face is oval; the forehead high; the perceptive faculties well brought out. This man holds a paper in his hand, of value to you, and I deem him a relative of yours. This paper covers proprietary rights—yours. What do you know of what we have told you?"

Lady. "Do you mean me?" "Yes, madam." "I know nothing about it, whatever; it is not my father."

At the close of the meeting we were informed, and that, too, in the presence of the lady and her friends, that every word we stated was true, strictly; but that it referred to and belonged with the lady sitting directly in front of her. This case produced a deal of thought.

No. 4. We stated, "I see, standing here by this lady, the Spirit of Daniel Webster. If ever Daniel Webster existed, he is here, with this lady, or near this lady, and I am as sure that this lady, or one of this group of ladies, has known and been familiar with Mr. Webster, 1st, in the form of a man, or, 2d, as a medium, under his direction as a Spirit control." Speaking to the lady, we said, "What do you know of this man or Spirit?"

Ans. "I have met Mr. Webster once, in company; had no personal acquaintance with him, and have never been under his control as a Spirit."

We turned to the audience, saying, "Here is a failure on our part, we must bear it; but Daniel Webster is here with this group of ladies (and he seemed to enjoy our perplexity in locating the medium through whom he came). Do any of you ladies, sitting here, recognize this statement?"

After a little, a lady said, "The celebrated Mrs. Mettler of Hartford, Conn., is here with this group of ladies." Mrs. Mettler then stated to us, "It is true, Daniel Webster was here, and I felt him; he has been my control for years, and the counsel of very prominent business men, through my mediumship; among whom is Mr. Alvin Adams, of Adams Express fame."

Here, for the third time this evening, (Feb. 28, '75,) we acted independent of any human brain reflection, killing that theory effectually.

No. 5. To a man, Dr. S. of Alabama. There is with you a negro man, by the name of Jim, who states that he saved your life three years ago, and that afterwards he was killed. We then fully described the place, giving the time, in fact, every particular.

Dr. S. replied, "I am from Alabama; but I know nothing of the affair whatever, and can give you no satisfaction affirmatively. It is not so." A complete failure and we had to shoulder it.

The next evening, Dr. S. came to our seance and informed us that, on reaching his lodging, his son, an invalid, asked him what he saw and heard. Among other things, said the Doctor, "I told him of Jim, the black man, and that I knew nothing of it. But my son related a circumstance to me that places the whole affair in a new light, and I now remember the colored man, and his name was Jim, and he was killed by a man, who ran off to get rid of the matter." Here is another case of intelligent Spirit communication, independent of any knowledge in the present tense, save the Spirit.

At this seance, we gave the Doctor a fine test, coming from an old colored woman, the nurse in his uncle's family. This Spirit gave her name, as well as the name of his uncle; all of which proved true. The name of the uncle was William S. The Doctor said, "I was raised in this uncle's family, and well do I remember this colored nurse."

No. 6. A challenge. Let any man stand up in this center row of seats. A man responded. We read him carefully, giving five dates in his life, the antecedents of his family, etc. We then stated, "There is here a Spirit woman who died of paralysis of a most peculiar character! first, the attack is here, below the shoulder, about ten inches, and near the center of the back; it then affects the point of the shoulder and the base of the brain, resulting in death. What do you know of it?"

Ans. "On which side of the person was this?" "On the right side."

"Do you see the Spirit?" "No, sir."

"Can you tell me any more about him?"

"It is not him, but her."

"How do you know?" "By the influence on me, in which I am not mistaken. Please tell us what you know of what we told you."

"Well, sir, it is strictly true in every particular."

No. 7. To a lady. There is with you an influence, both personal and impudent, yet very urgent that I should tell you what is shown me; have I your permission? Here the influence assumed form, and became very positive; so much so, in the exhibition of the circumstances of the woman's history, that we concluded not to relate it. The woman replied, "You may tell what you see." We replied, "We say to you, madam, that which we see is unpleasant to us and very personal to you; shall we go on?" "Yes, sir."

And there was a firm and determined look of the face, as well as expression of mouth and eyes, as much as to say, tell all you know, see, or hear! I have no fear. We looked at this woman very carefully, and this was the only face we had studied. It was an open countenance, eyes large and dark, features oval and full, person stout, with tendency to lymph, age say 30, not bad looking, hair full and dark.

"Well, madam, we see you, commencing seven years ago last August up to three years, ago last October, and during the four years referred to, see you in sorrow, bitterness of spirit and in any amount of trouble. We further state that three years ago last October, the climax came a little before this date, and in September, we see a man approach you; he has in his hand a knife, and he says to you, with an oath, if you move or stir in a certain matter, he will kill you; and he intended to do it. In October you broke away from his influences, and are now not under his control."

"Do you mean last October?"

"No; three years ago last October."

She answered, in a low, subdued voice, "You are right; these things are so."

Many other important tests we gave, "which if they were all written out the world would not contain them." (?)

Bro. J. V. Mansfield was present, and with his gentle and yet wonderful mediumship, moved among the people, giving test on test; sometimes the name of the party to whom given, as well as of the Spirit giving the same. His is a wonderful gift, and one the Spiritualists ought to be proud of; and yet, how little are our mediums appreciated. "The dead know not anything," said one of old. "Who knoweth the spirit of a man that goeth upward or the spirit of a beast that goeth downward?" "If a man die, shall he live again?" All these ancient questions are solved in Spiritualism. To-day we are driving back the demonology of the past; we are unfettering the bond in death and battering down the walls of Hell, and sapping the very foundation of these ancient structures of superstition. The fight is an earnest one, and both sides are in earnest.

Spiritualism has come to stay, and we mean it shall stay. Christianity came with the intention of staying, and the friends thereof are bound to sustain her in her claims. The question now before the world is this, "Is there room on earth for the discrete Hebraic Idea, in its modernized or Christian form, and Spiritualism? The Christian says, No. The Spirits and Spiritualism, backed by the Spiritualist, say, Yes." The *ipse dixit* of the Christian is, You shall not. Ours, the Spiritual, "We will;" and how faithfully and fearfully the battle is being fought! There can be no surrender on either side; no amalgamation. The spirit of our opponents is well expressed in the words uttered by the Rev. Dr. Dewitt Talmage. Hear him, "I indict Spiritualism as a social and marital curse, as an unclean, adulterous, damnable religion, and the sooner it drops into hell, where it came from, the better. I wish I could gather all the raps that were ever heard, from the blest or damned, and bring them together into one thunderous rap on its head. I would try to crush it out forever. I hate the doctrine, and believe that long-haired disciples, whose marshes yielding rank death!"

Read it, Spiritualists, this is the spirit of Christ's ablest defender. What is Only Death and Hell?

More on this text again.

THE DYING QUAKER.

As good Ezekiel on his bed
Lay sick and full of fears,
Attended only by his maid,
Who oft in need had lent him aid —
His eyes gushed out in tears.

The simple girl, to soothe his pain,
And mitigate his grief,
Thus tried in consoling strain,
(Nor was she wont to try in vain,) —
To give his woes relief:

"Ah! wherefore, master, should you dread
Death's all-subduing dart?
You, who so good a life have led,
And to so clear and wise a head
Joined purity of heart.

"Your garb was always neat and plain,
Your hair full straight and sleek;
And, let it snow, or hail, or rain,
No weather could your zeal restrain
From meeting thrice a week.

"You never swear, as others use,
Nor speak but to some end;
You ever paid the parson's dues —
You ever trusted Turks and Jews —
Nor e'er deceived a friend.

"You ne'er encouraged legal strife,
Nor sold your wares too high;
You ne'er was drunk in all your life,
You ne'er debauched your neighbor's wife.
Nor ever told a lie!"

At this Ezekiel shook his head,
And heaved a piteous sigh;
Then thus, in grief of heart, he said,
(And sunk dejected on his bed).
"Ah! Betty — I've been silly!"

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TORONTO, 27 January, 1875.

FRIEND WILSON: A few odd copies of your paper have reached me; please send no more. It may be the very best paper of its class in the world, for aught I know, but in my case, it has to share the fate of a respectable man, who has got into bad company, viz., shut out. Indeed, nothing on the subject, finding its way inside my door, escapes the stove. You know well that I and mine gave earnest attention to these matters many years ago, and tried, hard and long, to sift the wheat from the chaff, but, alas, the more we tried the more the chaff increased; and then came the smut in measureless profusion, and after that came worse, far worse. O, the mountains and oceans of obscene filth, the deluge of awful, as well as senseless profanity, etc. !!

Well might Miles Grant write that it is all the work of demons; and if they are known by their fruits, they have not failed to show plenty. Read some of the tests of that sturdy old Orthodox preacher, Paul, and apply them to the sayings and doings of the "free and enlightened screeching sisterhood," and "long-haired brotherhood," of the present day. Galatians v: 19, say to the end of the chapter, 1 Timothy iv: 1, 2. Of course Paul means the Holy Spirit, and no others, as producing good fruits, and *vice versa*. But well I know, that with you and most of your readers, Paul is esteemed a "played-out old fogey," and no better authority than Victoria Woodhull or Moses Hull. Well, you have a right to your opinion, but it is optional with others to accept or reject them; the latter is my choice.

My opinion of immortality and personal consciousness after death is in no way shaken by all the evils mixed up with that belief by the great majority of Spiritualists, but in this, as in many other matters, I prefer holding my opinions, such as they may be, in comparative obscurity, to being identified with the disgraceful sayings and doings of the self-styled Spiritualists of the present day. At the same time, I freely confess it was with extreme pain I was driven to this position, after twenty-seven years diligent study of the subject, most of the time hoping that good, not evil, would come of it.

I know it is needless for me to go into particulars. You and your readers understand all my allusions. But to mention a single case, I see it announced in the London *Medium and Daybreak* that Katie King is about commencing a new engagement there. Enough said.

Your old friend, BIBLIOPOLE.

We gladly give place for our old friend, "Bibliopole." We knew him in the long ago, at Toronto, and well did we like him. We are glad that a few odd copies of our paper have reached him, and trust that this one will reach him, and that he may be induced to send us one dollar, and continue in our company yet a little longer. We hold "that it" (our paper) is "the best Spiritual paper in the world," but we really think our old friend will not be hurt by reading *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. We are sorry, however, that our little sheet "has got into bad company," for when we last saw our friend he was behaving very well; but then readers of the Bible are very apt to follow in the example of Bible authorities. And that Bibliopole has done so is quite evident, for he says "*THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK* has to

share the fate of the man that got into bad company." Well, so be it; but will Bibliopole accept good old Paul for authority? Let us quote him: Galatians v: 19, to end of chapter. Bibliopole, did you really mean what you said, when you asked us to "read some of the tests of that sturdy old Orthodox preacher, Paul, and apply them," etc.?

Let us quote: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are *these*; adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, sedition, heresies," etc. Is this the company you keep, my dear Bibliopole? If so, then send back my child.

Now, Brother, let us, as Spiritualists at work, apply another saying of Paul to you. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. For if a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Gal. vi: 1, 2, 3. Is not this your case? Hence we sent you *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*. Will you read 2d Cor. xiii: 1, 2, 3, and then deny that Paul was not speaking under influence of spirits? Also all of 2d Cor. xii. Again, "Would to God ye could bear with me a little in my folly: and indeed bear with me." 2d Cor. xi: 1. We are of the opinion that the long-haired and screeching Paul was answering some Jewish or Gentile Bibliopole, when he wrote the above.

"And the spirits of the prophets are subject unto the prophets." 1st Cor. xiv: 32. Then read the chapter from the beginning to the 33d verse. These are the tests of good old Paul, and we can duplicate every one of them, and especially those in the 7th, 27th, 28th, and 29th verses. And when you have studied this chapter, please read 1st Cor. xii, xiii; Acts, xii; St. John, viii. But enough of the Bible. We suppose we are like Ephraim, wedded to our idols; yours, the dead past; ours, the living present and eternal future.

In regard to 1st Tim. iv: 1-4, we have been taught that Paul meant Rome, and not Spiritualism. By what authority you say that Paul meant the Holy Spirit, we know not; the clear reading of the text does not warrant your interpretation, any more than it warrants us in saying that he meant an evil spirit; but if we apply the rule laid down in 1st Cor. xiv: 32, we have a very different result: "And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." In regard to your statement, "I know that with you and most of your readers Paul is esteemed a played-out old fogey," etc., permit us to say, you know no such thing. We hold Paul as good authority, and believe him to be just what he says he was, "All things unto all men." As to Mrs. Woodhull, she is fully qualified to speak for herself. As for us, we hold her fully equal in moral and virtuous worth to David, Solomon, Jacob, Abraham, Mary Magdalene, or the woman at the well of Samaria. If she has done wrong, it is her fault, not ours; for her faults are not catching in our family. She has not confessed to half as much deviltry as did David, Jacob, or Paul, and one thing is quite certain, she is not "all things unto all men."

Let us hear from you again, good Bibliopole, if not on Spiritualism and our "long-haired, modern screeching sisterhood," for the good old days of Lang Syne, when we sat together in the circle and listened to the voice of the spirit. Ever your friend,

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

THE WIFE'S LETTER.

DEAR — Your postal card, informing me of your safe arrival at K., was received by to-day's mail, and gave me joy; and my soul responds in its fullness to the love that these few lines from you give me.

I felt really rebellious at the stern necessity that separates us so much, keeping us apart at this time, when I feel that our souls are being drawn closer together by the ripening up and expansion of all our powers in our spiritual growth, recognizing each other's worth more fully than when judging of the external only. In the great work of progression you will ever find me with you, for I, each day of my life, recognize the truth of these living and eternal principles in myself; for are we not all a world within ourselves, with powers and capacities pertaining thereto? Therefore, we should recognize these living principles within, culminations of all preceding conditions, and govern

ourselves, kings, queens, over our own kingdom. Then let us evermore study the science of life, and know the truth of ourselves.

I have arrived at that degree in thought that I will give myself no rest, till I have fathomed the mysterious depths of my own life, so far as my natural capacity will allow me to know of its mysteries. And my mind now goes out to the Universal Soul, asking for light.

I believe it has the power to bring the answer to all men and women, — the solution of the problem of life; it can and must and will be solved, to the soul who demands it as a right inherent. I will never cease the inquiry on this or the other side of the river of Time. There is nothing impossible with God, I will make true, by developing the God-power within me. Oh, the mighty revolution of thought, of thought which is now so near at hand; even now within me. I feel the beating pulse of those who are in unison with me. I feel that this thought of individual sovereignty is passing through the last throes of evolutionary travails. Man and woman shall know their birthright, science, in our last extremity, being the accoucheur. Then, and not till then, will all other questions right themselves, through its immutable laws; then all will live in accordance therewith. Let each one hurry on this great work by rightly conceiving the thought of to-day, which shall, in due time, bring forth its ripened fruit.

Then speak and write that which will enlighten and lead to inquiry; read what you will; hear what you may; and in all you see, let this one basic thought be conceived, that will, in time, be a law of action. As I have read somewhere, "What is felt in one age will be wisely thought in a succeeding one, and what is both felt and thought, becomes in time a law of action," will you seek for strength to carry out this work?

All life below the human has its natural history. Learned men and scientists, what years have they spent in defining and analyzing the law of life pertaining to this and that reptile, fish, or bird, in every minutia; and shall we be considered less than these creeping things? Shall we not be able to have our lineage traced as well as these creatures? Methinks, it is no light thing to arrive at manhood — womanhood's estate, and know not our legitimacy.

Scientists have gone through all the kingdoms of nature, and traced the connecting link from one to the other, till they reached man, and there laid down their knowledge before the walls of theology, which reared so thick and high they could not penetrate; and there they stand, resting on their staves, pregnant with the truth that shall cause these walls to fall — their foundations being swept from beneath them by this mighty lever of truth, now soon to burst forth in all the glory of its history, from the soul of nature's God.

Let us work on together in this developing of the truth, giving to those who see not, light and life; let us step not aside to cast stones, or block another's pathway, who may do the Father's work, according to the light received.

The souls of the people call for light and knowledge, and will not be denied; therefore, your columns meet this want. Be the physician who can measure the pulse of the people, and satisfy its demands. If we have conceived a right thought, it cannot fail to reach corresponding thoughts in the minds of others, thus each be the stronger for the next endeavor.

This is strictly in harmony with nature's laws. Herbert Spencer says, "Units of sodium, on which the sunlight falls, beat in unison with their kindred units, more than ninety millions of miles off, by which the yellow rays of the sun are produced. Nay, even this is a totally inadequate illustration of the sympathy displayed by the matter composing the visible universe; the elements of our earth are thus connected by bonds of inter-dependent activity with the elements of stars so remote that the diameter of the earth's orbit scarcely serves as a unit of measure to express their distances."

Here, in this fact, we can solve the problem of the thought, or new discoveries simultaneously in all parts of the world springing forth. I have already noticed this; then, whence the origin of thought? I once heard you state that a certain star always commanded your attention, and that you were attracted to it. May you not find in this law the solution? I see things without knowing how I see, as I have often told you, which afterwards proved to be true; and I now see clearly the ultimate of the agitation of the thoughts of to-day; and I

would that you should be in your place, the standard-bearer of truth. It matters not to me the place I fill, if I can be of any use, but the law of life within me demonstrates that all must do their own peculiar work, filling their own niche in nature's realm, and I am content if no more than the tiny violet be mine; if, in my own realm I preserve my own individuality, and from it develop a higher, according to its law.

How simple and plain this is, and yet how hard to impress upon the mind of those enslaved by custom and education of the past. But all is commotion; soon the law will be realized that governs all; the leaven is truth, and is doing its work well; but we must surround it with conditions that shall hasten and not retard its mighty power of evolution. This we can do by all working in unison, moving on, and by our vital power bringing to bear upon the fortress of error and superstition, showing that we are in earnest.

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THE DYING QUAKER.

As good Ezekiel on his bed
Lay sick and full of fears,
Attended only by his maid,
Who oft in need had lent him aid —
His eyes gushed out in tears.

The simple girl, to soothe his pain,
And mitigate his grief,
Thus tried in consoling strain,
(Nor was she wont to try in vain.)
To give his woes relief:

"Ah! wherefore, master, should you dread
Death's all-subduing dart?
You, who so good a life have led,
And to so clear and wise a head
Joined purity of heart.

"Your garb was always neat and plain,
Your hair full straight and sleek;
And, let it snow, or hail, or rain,
No weather could your zeal restrain
From meeting thrice a week.

"You never swear, as others use,
Nor speak but to some end;
You ever paid the parson's dues —
You ever trusted Turks and Jews —
Nor e'er deceived a friend.

"You ne'er encouraged legal strife,
Nor sold your wares too high;
You ne'er was drunk in all your life,
You ne'er debauched your neighbor's wife.
Nor ever told a lie!"

At this Ezekiel shook his head,
And heaved a piteous sigh!
Then thus, in grief of heart, he said,
(And sunk dejected on his bed.)
"Ah! Betty — I've been sly!"

For the Spiritualist at Work.

TORONTO, 27 January, 1875.

FRIEND WILSON: A few odd copies of your paper have reached me; please send no more. It may be the very best paper of its class in the world, for aught I know, but in my case, it has to share the fate of a respectable man, who has got into bad company, viz., shut out. Indeed, nothing on the subject, finding its way inside my door, escapes the stove. You know well that I and mine gave earnest attention to these matters many years ago, and tried, hard and long, to sift the wheat from the chaff, but, alas, the more we tried the more the chaff increased; and then came the smut in measureless profusion, and after that came worse, far worse. O, the mountains and oceans of obscene filth, the deluge of awful, as well as senseless profanity, etc. !!

Well might Miles Grant write that it is all the work of demons; and if they are known by their fruits, they have not failed to show plenty. Read some of the tests of that sturdy old Orthodox preacher, Paul, and apply them to the sayings and doings of the "free and enlightened screeching sisterhood," and "long-haired brotherhood," of the present day. Galatians v: 19, say to the end of the chapter, 1 Timothy iv: 1, 2. Of course Paul means the Holy Spirit, and no others, as producing good fruits, and vice versa. But well I know, that with you and most of your readers, Paul is esteemed a "played-out old fogey," and no better authority than Victoria Woodhull or Moses Hull. Well, you have a right to your opinion, but it is optional with others to accept or reject them; the latter is my choice.

My opinion of immortality and personal consciousness after death is in no way shaken by all the evils mixed up with that belief by the great majority of Spiritualists, but in this, as in many other matters, I prefer holding my opinions, such as they may be, in comparative obscurity, to being identified with the disgraceful sayings and doings of the self-styled Spiritualists of the present day. At the same time, I freely confess it was with extreme pain I was driven to this position, after twenty-seven years diligent study of the subject, most of the time hoping that good, not evil, would come of it.

I know it is needless for me to go into particulars. You and your readers understand all my allusions. But to mention a single case, I see it announced in the London *Medium and Daybreak* that Katie King is about commencing a new engagement there. Enough said.

Your old friend, BIBLIOPOLE.

We gladly give place for our old friend, "Bibliopole." We knew him in the long ago, at Toronto, and well did we like him. We are glad that a few odd copies of our paper have reached him, and trust that this one will reach him, and that he may be induced to send us one dollar, and continue in our company yet a little longer. We hold "that it" (our paper) is "the best Spiritual paper in the world," but we really think our old friend will not be hurt by reading THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. We are sorry, however, that our little sheet "has got into bad company," for when we last saw our friend he was behaving very well; but then readers of the Bible are very apt to follow in the example of Bible authorities. And that Bibliopole has done so is quite evident, for he says "THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK has to

share the fate of the man that got into bad company." Well, so be it; but will Bibliopole accept good old Paul for authority? Let us quote him: Galatians v: 19, to end of chapter. Bibliopole, did you really mean what you said, when you asked us to "read some of the tests of that sturdy old Orthodox preacher, Paul, and apply them," etc.?

Let us quote: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulation, wrath, strife, sedition, heresies," etc. Is this the company you keep, my dear Bibliopole? If so, then send back my child.

Now, Brother, let us, as Spiritualists at work, apply another saying of Paul to you. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. For if a man thinketh himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." Gal. vi: 1, 2, 3. Is not this your case? Hence we sent you THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Will you read 2d Cor. xiii: 1, 2, 3, and then deny that Paul was not speaking under influence of spirits? Also all of 2d Cor. xii. Again, "Would to God ye could bear with me a little in my folly; and indeed bear with me." 2d Cor. xi: 1. We are of the opinion that the long-haired and screeching Paul was answering some Jewish or Gentile Bibliopole, when he wrote the above.

"And the spirits of the prophets are subject unto the prophets." 1st Cor. xiv: 32. Then read the chapter from the beginning to the 33d verse. These are the tests of good old Paul, and we can duplicate every one of them, and especially those in the 7th, 27th, 28th, and 29th verses. And when you have studied this chapter, please read 1st Cor. xii, xiii; Acts, xii; St. John, viii. But enough of the Bible. We suppose we are like Ephraim, wedded to our idols; yours, the dead past; ours, the living present and eternal future.

In regard to 1st Tim. iv: 1-4, we have been taught that Paul meant Rome, and not Spiritualism. By what authority you say that Paul meant the Holy Spirit, we know not; the clear reading of the text does not warrant your interpretation, any more than it warrants us in saying that he meant an evil spirit; but if we apply the rule laid down in 1st Cor. xiv: 32, we have a very different result: "And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets." In regard to your statement, "I know that with you and most of your readers Paul is esteemed a played-out old fogey," etc., permit us to say, you know no such thing. We hold Paul as good authority, and believe him to be just what he says he was, "All things unto all men." As to Mrs. Woodhull, she is fully qualified to speak for herself. As for us, we hold her fully equal in moral and virtuous worth to David, Solomon, Jacob, Abraham, Mary Magdalene, or the woman at the well of Samaria. If she has done wrong, it is her fault, not ours; for her faults are not catching in our family. She has not confessed to half as much deviltry as did David, Jacob, or Paul, and one thing is quite certain, she is not "all things unto all men."

Let us hear from you again, good Bibliopole, if not on Spiritualism and our "long-haired, modern screeching sisterhood," for the good old days of Lang Syne, when we sat together in the circle and listened to the voice of the spirit. Ever your friend,

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK.

THE WIFE'S LETTER.

DEAR — Your postal card, informing me of your safe arrival at K., was received by to-day's mail, and gave me joy; and my soul responds in its fullness to the love that these few lines from you give me.

I felt really rebellious at the stern necessity that separates us so much, keeping us apart at this time, when I feel that our souls are being drawn closer together by the ripening up and expansion of all our powers in our spiritual growth, recognizing each other's worth more fully than when judging of the external only. In the great work of progression you will ever find me with you, for I, each day of my life, recognize the truth of these living and eternal principles in myself; for are we not all a world within ourselves, with powers and capacities pertaining thereto? Therefore, we should recognize these living principles within, culminations of all preceding conditions, and govern

ourselves, kings, queens, over our own kingdom. Then let us evermore study the science of life, and know the truth of ourselves.

I have arrived at that degree in thought that I will give myself no rest, till I have fathomed the mysterious depths of my own life, so far as my natural capacity will allow me to know of its mysteries. And my mind now goes out to the Universal Soul, asking for light.

I believe it has the power to bring the answer to all men and women, — the solution of the problem of life; it can and must and will be solved, to the soul who demands it as a right inherent. I will never cease the inquiry on this or the other side of the river of Time. There is nothing impossible with God, I will make true, by developing the God-power within me. Oh, the mighty revolution of thought, of thought which is now so near at hand; even now within me. I feel the beating pulse of those who are in unison with me. I feel that this thought of individual sovereignty is passing through the last throes of evolutionary travails. Man and woman shall know their birthright, science, in our last extremity, being the accoucheur. Then, and not till then, will all other questions right themselves, through its immutable laws; then all will live in accordance therewith. Let each one hurry on this great work by rightly conceiving the thought of today, which shall, in due time, bring forth its ripened fruit.

Then speak and write that which will enlighten and lead to inquiry; read what you will; hear what you may; and in all you see, let this one basic thought be conceived, that will, in time, be a law of action. As I have read somewhere, "What is felt in one age will be wisely thought in a succeeding one, and what is both felt and thought, becomes in time a law of action," will you seek for strength to carry out this work?

All life below the human has its natural history. Learned men and scientists, what years have they spent in defining and analyzing the law of life pertaining to this and that reptile, fish, or bird, in every minutia; and shall we be considered less than these creeping things? Shall we not be able to have our lineage traced as well as these creatures? Methinks, it is no light thing to arrive at manhood — womanhood's estate, and know not our legitimacy.

Scientists have gone through all the kingdoms of nature, and traced the connecting link from one to the other, till they reached man, and there laid down their knowledge before the walls of theology, which reared so thick and high they could not penetrate; and there they stand, resting on their staffs, pregnant with the truth that shall cause these walls to fall — their foundations being swept from beneath them by this mighty lever of truth, now soon to burst forth in all the glory of its history, from the soul of nature's God.

Let us work on together in this developing of the truth, giving to those who see not, light and life; let us step not aside to cast stones, or block another's pathway, who may do the Father's work, according to the light received.

The souls of the people call for light and knowledge, and will not be denied; therefore, your columns meet this want. Be the physician who can measure the pulse of the people, and satisfy its demands. If we have conceived a right thought, it cannot fail to reach corresponding thoughts in the minds of others, thus each the stronger for the next endeavor. This is strictly in harmony with nature's laws.

Herbert Spencer says, "Units of sodium, on which the sunlight falls, beat in unison with their kindred units, more than ninety millions of miles off, by which the yellow rays of the sun are produced. Nay, even this is a totally inadequate illustration of the sympathy displayed by the matter composing the visible universe; the elements of our earth are thus connected by bonds of inter-dependent activity with the elements of stars so remote that the diameter of the earth's orbit scarcely serves as a unit of measure to express their distances."

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WHO AND WHAT WAS JESUS?

We present our readers in this number of our paper the answers of several boys and girls, in the Lyceum of Spiritualists in New York. The statements are committed to writing, and were in almost every case original. We give them as spoken, not altering a word, leaving our readers to judge of their merits or demerits as seemeth good to them. One thing is certain, and that is this, freedom of thought and speech is tolerated in our Sunday Spiritual Lyceum, and the children are learning to think for themselves. We love the Lyceum, and feel that it is a great institution, but needs some changes in its working order.

If you will read the history of the birth of Jesus contained in the first chapter of Matthew, you will perceive that special efforts are made to prepare him for the reception of the Holy Ghost—the Christ. The Child Jesus did not exhibit any peculiar traits of character; he was simply a child in whom his parents had great expectations. But this child life was like other children's, which life corresponds in growth to the blade of corn. His characteristics exhibited themselves in a desire to meet with sages and the wise men in council, and ask questions; and in these he manifested much wisdom, but no more remarkable than cases in our own generation, in mathematics and music.

Further along in the growth of Jesus, corresponding to the ear on the stalk of corn, he exhibited wonderful thought and power in spiritual things. In this degree of his unfolding, Jesus came to be baptised by John, and as he came up out of the water the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending, like a dove, and lighting upon him, and lo, a voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matt. iii: 16.) Take notice here, that Jesus (not Christ), when he came up out of the water, the heavens opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending. John i: 33, says, "I knew him not, but he that sent me to baptise with water, said unto me, 'Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on him, is he which baptiseth with the Holy Ghost.' And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God." The terms, "Spirit of God," "The Spirit like a dove," and the "Holy Ghost," are used to designate the same thing, which, up to this time, had not become a part of Jesus, but was entirely distinct, separate, and apart from him. It descended out of heaven, and came to him, and infilled him. This event produced a change in the life of Jesus. It corresponds to the formation of corn; first, the blade, then the ear, then the full corn on the ear, which is essential to its ultimate glory. Up to this event he had been called Jesus, and he had spoken of himself as a man, and all the people called him Jesus. When the Christ began to manifest through him, the people began to inquire who he was, and some said he was John the Baptist, some said Elias, and some said he was one of the old prophets. Peter said he was the Christ of God. These were merely opinions and assertions, without proofs.

John had heard in prison the works of Christ; he sent two of his disciples to say to him, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" Jesus answered and said, "Go and show John again those things which you hear and see. The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. These are the proofs of the Christ, and as such the Christ sends them to John. The Christ, and from whence is it?" John discusses this question, and says, "Howbeit we know this man, and whence he is. But whence Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is." Here a distinction is clearly made between the man Jesus and the Christ. They knew the man Jesus perfectly well, and from whence he came; but they knew not from whence the Christ came. Still, they all were greatly interested in the Christ, for the superior or divine principles and truths inculcated, but chiefly for the benevolent power and practice of doing good to mankind, in healing the blind, the leper, the lame, and telling strangers their past history, etc.

Most theologians maintain that Jesus is Christ, and Christ is Jesus; but I have shown you that the Bible declares Jesus and the Christ to be distinct from each other. It distinctly declares that Jesus was a natural man, and that the Christ descended out of heaven on Jesus,

and infilled him, and remained in him, inspiring and sanctifying his acts and words. The Spirit, the Christ, controlled him; indeed, the body of Jesus was the earthly temple of the Spirit, which gave him the words he should and did speak, and also gave him the power to do those things (called by some, miracles) which Christ referred to as evidences that the heaven was open to him, from which the Christ descended and controlled his mental and physical organization, as it is written in Romans viii: 10, "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life, because of righteousness."

A further discussion as to the Christ is in John viii: 56-58. Jesus said to the Jews, "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad." The Jews said, "Thou art not fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?" Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am." They stoned him. Here are Jesus's own words declaring that the Christ was in the world before Abraham. From these facts and evidences we must conclude that the Christ was at all times in the world. That it is not a person, but the divine order, or principle, or truth; that this order, divine principle, or truth obtains in a clearer and greater degree in heaven, or the spiritual plain or degree of human existence. That it is the effort of this higher and spiritual degree, the heavens, to incarnate its thought, principle, love, and truth, in the earthly degree of existence. It is called the Christ, because it is of that higher degree of existence, which in reality crucified the thought, love, and influence of the lower degree, as imperfect and inferior; in our language, sinful; in comparison with the divine order and attributes. The Christ is the crucifier of the imperfections in the lower degree; it is the voice from heaven, calling unto mortals, "Come up higher." It is the inspirer and sanctifier of all good. The Christ infills the soul and life with nobler purposes and diviner life, and enables it to rejoice in persecutions for righteousness' sake.

That which corresponds to the full corn in the ear, is the fact that Jesus was a receptacle of the Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Spirit, and he imparted the Christ to the world. Commencing by calling twelve of his disciples together, and giving them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out; to go into all the world and preach, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, and cast out devils; and to take no thought how or what they should say, for it shall be given you what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you. The Christ within men moves the soul, the emotional nature of man. EFFIE A. MCCOLLUM.

We are quite sure that he was the son of man, although his paternal ancestry is rather obscure. His mother, we have every reason to believe, from the records of his life, was Mary the wife of Joseph. Nowhere in the Bible, I believe, does he call himself the Son of God; indeed, he always refers to himself as the son of man. In the 22d chap. of St. Luke, 68, 69 and 70 verses, being asked by the elders and scribes if he was the Son of God, he does not reply in the affirmative, but answers, "Ye say that I am." We know nothing of his private life, or how evil it might have been; we have only the good. His character does not display much filial affection, for even in the present enlightened age, it is not considered entirely proper to speak to one's mother as Jesus did, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" That he was a great medium—and rendered greater by the ignorance and superstition of the age in which he lived—a Spiritualist can hardly doubt. But I think we have as great and good ones at the present day, only they are not such rarities, and we are better prepared to receive spiritual knowledge, without making Gods of the dispensers thereof. That by his death he redeemed the world from all its sins, I do not believe. That by his good example and teachings, he helped mortals to work out their own salvation, seems a more reasonable view of the matter. To sum up his character in a few words, on the whole, I think he was a success as a man, but as a God, a failure.

CARRIE PERKINS.

Sometimes I very much doubt whether such a person ever lived at all, and the Bible history of him is no proof to me; but if he did, I think he was a man, born into this world under

the same natural laws that all the rest of us were, and was no more specially the Son of God than all the rest of mankind. I often think what a pity it was that God did not have a daughter to compete with the son; but woman was an after consideration, and was only a *side issue*. But, with all due respect to his name, while in a great many things he was a beautiful teacher and example for us, yet I think we should have the privilege of criticising his teachings the same as we would those of any other person. He must have been a very peculiar man, and in some things very unlike others. There was only one time, I think, where he was ever known to weep; and we have no account of his ever being known to have laughed. Imagine such a person. And in some things he was very inconsistent, and I do not think his advice would do for us in this practical age. In one place he says to a young man, "Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor." Would it be wise to do that? And again, he says, "Take no thought for to-morrow, what thou shalt eat, or what thou shalt drink, or how thou shalt be clothed." Suppose we did that, New York would be in a worse condition than now. From my idea of a great and good man, I think he was too effeminate, and lacked that true manliness which we all admire in a good and noble man.

L. J. BENNETT.

Jesus Christ was the "natural" son of Joseph and Mary, and was one of the best of men and the most perfect type of "true" manhood and a pure life the centuries have produced. He was not possessed of "supernatural" powers, but was simply a powerful medium, and the so-called miracles he performed were nothing more or less than "Spiritual manifestations," which have been almost equalled by mediums of the present day.

SARAH ROBINSON.

Jesus, a Greek name for Joshua, meaning to save; Christ, another Greek word, meaning anointed. Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, name pre-eminently given to the son of Joseph and Mary. But my reason teaches me he was only a very good man, perhaps a model man; for, if he lived the life as maintained by the record, he must have been an example, not only for his time, but for all time.

MRS. GEO. W. HAYES.

Jesus Christ was a great Spiritual medium, and possessed of strong magnetic powers, which enabled him to perform what were then called miracles; but was no more the Son of God than any other living being on this earth. He was an example of purity, goodness, and truth, for the world to follow; but not as a God, for he was a human being, endowed with great power over all human beings.

FLORENCE COOLEY.

I do not know, for I never saw him; and should not know him if I met him.

VIRGINIA FLASS.

CONCORD, MICH., Jan. 30, '75.
MR. E. V. WILSON—*Dear Sir:* Mrs. W.'s postal card of the 25th inst. is at hand. In response, I enclose twenty-five cents, which will, I think, entitle me to one more number of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK; then please discontinue it, unless I otherwise order. We like your excellent paper better than the *Banner*, or any other Spiritual periodical that we know of; but we have so much other reading matter and so little leisure, that we must drop something. Accept best wishes, and believe me, yours truly.

A. M. SHOTWELL.

Birch bark has been found very useful in the Himalaya regions of India, as a material for wrappers in which to preserve botanical specimens.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR ADVERTISING TERMS.

To all whom it may concern: WHEREAS, our paper, THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, now has over seventeen hundred subscribers, and increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty each month, through our own personal efforts; THEREFORE, we now inform our friends that only two columns of our paper, on the seventh page, will be open for advertisements, at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first insertion, and 8 cents for each subsequent insertion under thirteen numbers, for advertisements containing ten lines and over. For all advertisements under ten lines, 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion, payment invariably in advance. All matter for advertising must be directed to Hazlitt & Reed, 172 and 174 Clark Street, Chicago. No notice will be taken of advertisements not accompanied with the money.

MEDIUMS AND LECTURERS.

G. W. BALCOM.

Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician. Will answer calls at a distance. Terms \$2 per treatment. Malta, Illinois.

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MRS. M. E. WEEKS.

Medium. 456 West Van Buren st.

MRS. N. L. FAY.

Developing Medium and Physician, 536 West Madison street.

MRS. L. A. CROCKER.

Business and Test Medium, No. 644 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill. Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 5 P. M.

SAMUEL MAXWELL, M. D.

409 West Randolph st., (near Elizabeth,) Chicago, Ill. Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M.

MRS. E. PARREY.

Physical Medium, 51 Blue Island Avenue, Chicago.

MRS. DEWOLF.

Business, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 415 West Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

DR. BUTT.

Magnetic Healer and Eclectic Physician, will attend to all acute and chronic diseases. All female complaints successfully and confidentially treated, at 275½ West Randolph st., Chicago. Office hours, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

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DR. McFADDEN AND WIFE.

Clairvoyants, Test Mediums and Magnetic Physicians, are located at No. 393 W. Lake st., (up stairs,) Chicago. Hold circles each evening, for the purpose of giving tests to skeptics, developing mediums, etc. Private seances every day from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

DR. SLADE.

Now located at 25 East 24th street, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of disease.

MRS. MARY PARKHURST.

24 Sophia street, Rochester, N. Y., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician. Claims that her powers are unsurpassed; has had a large and very successful practice with both chronic and acute diseases. Will make examination by lock of hair.

J. V. MANSFIELD.

Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and 4 three-cent postage stamps. Register your letters.

MRS. S. A. ANTHONY.

Seer and Test Medium. Residence, 722 Fairmont avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM HICKS.

Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, Rockford, Kent Co., Mich., will attend to all Acute and Chronic Diseases. Female complaints successfully and confidentially treated. Patients entertained at my home, if required.

Examination by letter or lock of hair, \$1; with prescription, \$2. All other charges as reasonable as times will admit.

MRS. REBECCA MESSENGER.

104 Spring street, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., (box 1071,) Clairvoyant. Diagnosis of Disease, \$1; with prescription, \$1.50; Reading Destiny, 1 hour \$1; by letter, \$1.50. Send age, sex, and money, to insure notice.

DR. C. D. GRIMES, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Holds himself in readiness to speak to public assemblies of Spiritualists and Progressives, within reasonable distance. With each Lecture will be delivered an Original Poem.

TERMS moderate. Address,

DR. C. D. GRIMES, Box 217, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

SOUL READING.

Send lock of hair, giving age and sex, and get a delineation of character and outlines of personal condition, from a first-class Psychometrist. Terms, \$1 and 3 postage stamps. Address

Dr. M. M. TOUSEY, Versailles, Cattaraugus County, New York.

PSYCHOMETRY.

Power has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons and sometimes to indicate their future, and their best locations for health, harmony and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$2.

JOHN M. SPEAR, 2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOUL READING.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, of OMRO, WIS.

The distinguished Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, examines by lock of hair, autograph or photograph; gives advice in regard to business. Those contemplating marriage, and the inharmonious, will do well to consult the Dr., giving age and sex. Brief delineations, \$2; full delineations, with prescription, \$3. Medicine sent by express, if desired.

I find no greater pleasure than recommending to the public a modest, honest healer. J. O. BARRETT.

"Dr. J. C. Phillips, as a Magnetic Physician, is meeting with good success."

E. V. WILSON.

"The best Delineator of Character and Describer of Disease I ever knew."

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Omro, Wis.

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DEALER IN Spiritualist, Liberal and Reform BOOKS AND PAPERS No. 319 KEARNY STREET, Up Stairs, West Side. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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COMMON SENSE.

A Spiritual Paper for the Pacific Coast. A Sixteen-page Weekly Journal, devoted to the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, Social Reform, Woman Suffrage, etc. COMMON SENSE is the only Free Thought Journal west of the Rocky Mountains. COMMON SENSE has an excellent Corps of Contributors. COMMON SENSE contains Reports of Radical Lectures and Discussions. COMMON SENSE is filled, mainly, with original matter, but gives accounts, in a condensed form, of the most interesting Spiritual Phenomena of the World. COMMON SENSE has now reached its 33rd number, and is rapidly growing in interest and influence.

Send for a specimen copy of COMMON SENSE—Only Three Dollars per annum. Specimens sent free.

Address COMMON SENSE,

230 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Ca.

Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois.* Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us living truths, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

HER SPHERE.

No outward sign her angelhood revealed,
Save that her eyes were wondrous mild and fair;
The aureole around her forehead was concealed
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife
To one who made her tenderness and grace
A mere convenience of his narrow life,
And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meager hearth, she blessed and
warmed
His poverty, and met his harsh demands
With meek, unvarying patience, and performed
Its menial tasks with stained and battered hands.

She nursed his children through their helpless years,
Gave them her strength, her youth, her beauty's
prime;
Bore for them sore privation, toil, and tears,
Which made her old and tired before her time.

And when fierce fever smote him with its blight,
Her calm, consoling presence charmed his pain;
Through long and thankless watches, day and night,
Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like rain.

With soft, magnetic touch, and murmurs sweet,
She brought him sleep, and stilled his fretful moan,
And taught his flying pulses to repeat
The mild and moderate measure of her own.

She had an artist's quick, perceptive eyes
For all the beautiful; a poet's heart
For every changing phase of earth and skies,
And all things fair in Nature and in art.

She looked with all a woman's keen delight
On jewels rich and dainty drapery,
Rare fabrics and soft hues—the happy right
Of those more favored but less fair than she;

On pallid pearls, which glimmer cool and white,
Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;
On silks, which gleam and ripple in the light,
And shift and shimmer like the summer sea;

On gems like drops by sudden sunlight kissed,
When fall the last large brilliants of the rain;
On laces, delicate as the frozen mist
Embroiling a winter window-pane.

Yet near the throng of worldly butterflies
She dwelt, a chrysalis, in homely brown;
With costliest splendors flaunting in her eyes,
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,
With slender shoulders bowed beneath their load;
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,
When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul
Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,
Which gazed afar, beyond all grief and sin,
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise
Unclosing for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long
Clasped her worn hand, and, with remorseful tears,
Cried: "Stay, oh stay! Forgive my bitter wrong;
Let me alone for all these dreary years!"

Alas for heedless hearts and blinded sense!
With what faint welcome and what meager fare,
What mean objections and small recompense,
We entertain our angels unaware!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen, in *Atlantic.*

WOMAN AND HER SPHERE.

Ever since Adam came across Eve (accepting the old fable, to show antiquity,) woman has perplexed the brains of man, and her exact relations to him and nature have ever been the bone of contention. That she might be his equal as a member of the human family, has not been admitted even by the most civilized nations. That any woman, intellectually and physically, could be brighter and stronger than many of the male gender, is an idea hardly admissible even now by many of the opponents of woman's rights. This way of thinking and reasoning has held women back, causing their impressive brains to be filled with corresponding ideas. But what is the condition of affairs to-day? In Europe and America are those who think there may be some mistake in this notion of her general inferiority; and many are beginning to assert their rights, and to measure strength with their brother man. Woman is actually claiming to be the equal of man in all his social, political and business relations—claiming individuality, asking no more, and being satisfied with no less, than her scope of brain and physical power entitle her. Her demands are sanctioned by the thinking men of every land, and opposed by the church and the ignorant and brainless devotees to fashion.

Of all the chains which have bound woman to her inferior position none have held her down so firmly as the bonds of the church. Her nature being devotional, the church became her love, and now that the church may thrive she must not be free. Let woman change her love, and let that new love be her own elevation, whether it be as philosopher, scientist, lawyer, banker, broker or merchant, or the holding of any business position which she may aspire to.

If you think woman is not the sole life of the church, gather the views of the men of

your acquaintance and you will find that the majority of these have the cobwebs of theology out of their heads. These men *think*, and think correspondingly clearer and stronger; and to think is what woman needs to do. Let her drop this upholding of dead ideas, and direct her love for the live ones of to-day, and the church will soon become lecture rooms and school-houses, and the rostrum will be occupied by the best teachers in the arts and sciences. Then woman, knowing the grand laws of nature, can study her sphere and divine her future. By this exercise of her reasoning faculties, she will gain an expansion of brain, and will no longer be hampered by a circumscribed education, and terrified by ancient fables. Some say the church has been our great moral teacher, and as such should be supported. In part, granted; but she, at the same time, has held the world back more than a thousand years, and for the future, having so far progressed in knowledge and science, we can afford to make one more step forward, and step out of it, and thus fully dispense with the never-ceasing beggary of the clerical corps—then learn to live, love, act and work by science and her immutable laws.

I would not be understood as seeking to draw woman from her offices of charity and as the teacher of high moral principles—far from it. I would have her hold all these, but cut loose from the senseless slavery to fashion which not only costs millions to maintain, but which sacrifices her individuality as well. I would have her reason more, make Gods of love for herself, and build up her destiny by high acts.

It is with these ideas woman needs to be impressed, and then she can assert her rights with a force—free her mind of all this superstition and reverence for what was 2,000 or 10,000 years ago, and wake her up to the events of the present, to the ignorance and misery of thousands of her own sex. Then her sphere will be made clear. Now, while the question of woman's social relation and elevation is being argued one way by the radical element, it is being treated in another by Science—that great overpowering treadmill which grinds dogmas to powder, and weighs all things in the scale of demonstrated fact.

In the words of Prof. Tyndall, "Science has already leavened the world, and it will leaven it more and more." Intelligent men and women will make science their church, the greatest scientists of the day will be their pastors, and Papal bulls and Papal infallibility will be but fading follies of the human mind.

So let woman wipe from her brow the theological dust of ages, open her mind to the live present, look higher, study her own nature, exercise the latent intelligence within her, and seek to solve the great problems of mind and matter, ever asserting her rights boldly for equal mental cultivation, equal pay, equal rights in the field of labor and equality in every way.

While science is doing well its part for woman's elevation, her "rights" must be regarded in the light of a political question, and, as with all other issues, for its speedy advancement there must be effort and sacrifices—a concentration of forces and *harmony*. San Francisco, February, 1875. P.—*Common Sense.*

LETTER FROM BATTLE CREEK.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., March 16, '75.

MY DEAR MRS. WILSON—I notice at the head of your department, you kindly invite "Woman, one and all, to send you *living truths*, life experiences of their own souls; that we may thereby become better enabled to correctly understand, benefit, and bless each other." How gratefully my heart responds, at this hour, and thankfully I accept the golden opportunity.

Mothers and sisters, everywhere, let us unite our efforts, as one loving band of laborers, and rally around dear Mary, each contributing some gem of truth, or earnest thought, which our own separate and individual life experiences have revealed, and thus aid our sister in her new work of labor and love—the proper education and elevation of womankind. I am glad to see that already Mrs. Drake and Mary M. D. Sherman of Michigan, have made an entrance into your cosy sanctum.

Yet I can but reflect, should only a small number comparatively, of the many whose eyes may chance to read these words, avail themselves of the privilege of frankly and freely expressing through your columns, the deep, pure soul yearnings of their inner selves, the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, sadness or sunshine, as the case may be, which makes up the sum of their separate existence, how much hitherto unknown, in the lives of each, would be disclosed to our astonished gaze!

'Tis a clear and cloudless morning, and although but the middle of March, the air is warm and balmy as that of May. The happy birds are gaily hopping about in the leafless trees, as they carol a joyous lay, and the "beautiful snow," which has so long covered the earth to about the depth of three feet, is rapidly disappearing, as may be supposed, beneath the

warm magnetic rays of the glorious sunlight. Dreary winter, which has been of such unusual severity here, has greatly unbound its chilly fetters, and loosed its embrace of mother earth. As we watch the gurgling streams, and river's rapid flow, together with the whirling, eddying cakes of ice, just escaped from places where so long congealed, rushing madly along upon the bosom of the roaring, foaming waters, we sadly, secretly wish that all *old conditions*, if false and untrue, could as swiftly change, as rapidly pass from view; that we could as easily throw off the chains of ignorance, blindness, and doubt, of false ideas and relations, of superstition and creeds, which have so long held us in bondage, and being released from all false education in ages past, become like the joyous spring-time, clothed anew in brighter robes, higher aspirations, and holier, purer lives.

A few weeks since I became greatly discouraged; as the farmer toils on from day to day, beneath the scorching rays of the sun, ploughing, dragging, and tilling the broad acres of the fallow ground, and at last sowing the precious seed that, by and by, he may be rewarded and reap a golden harvest; so had I labored and wearily toiled on, year by year, and looking back in retrospection, over my past life work, I saw only the barren, desolate ground, nor discerned one bright spot or green oasis upon the desert waste; in my blindness I looked only upon the external surface, and could not wait a proper length of time for the good seed sown to sufficiently develop and become rooted in the soil, ere it could bear evidence of a coming harvest; therefore, I became disheartened and discouraged, and murmured in spirit, Oh, I cannot, cannot, longer labor and wait; life's burdens are too great, too heavy, to be longer borne. For a time it seemed that

All the stars of life had set
In darkness and in gloom,
And not one ray of light did cheer
My soul, a living tomb.

Then came your welcome letter, filled with words of sympathy, encouragement, and cheer—words which you in your distant home, upon looking at my pictured face, had been so strangely moved to offer the stranger woman in this her hour of need.

I tearfully read the missive, which so kindly bade me "Take courage and faint not, nor be weary in well doing; the day is surely dawning when we shall be permitted to fully discern good from evil; our eyes shall be opened, and we have but to reach out our hands and pluck the rich, ripe fruit of divine knowledge, that we may become as Gods, and know what Life really is, and the relation we bear to the Life Force."

Had you been an angel commissioned for the purpose, you could not have better understood my soul needs, or spoken more understandingly to the condition. Thank you for your advice, and the interest you feel for me; as also for your kind invitation to visit you in "the dear old homestead." Will endeavor to do so ere long.

The Society at Battle Creek is in a prosperous condition, as may be supposed, through the efficient efforts of our worthy brother, Dr. J. V. Spencer. We are to celebrate the 27th anniversary of modern Spiritualism, and have engaged the services of Hon. J. M. Peebles for the occasion. Of course we anticipate a general good time. Yours, lovingly,

MRS. L. E. BAILY.

NOTICES.

The March number of the *Lyceum* is just received. It is a liberal paper for the young, designed to teach them religion without superstition. Published monthly by P. H. Bateson, Toledo, Ohio, at the low price of 75 cents a year. Great inducements in premiums to subscribers. Send for specimen copy, and judge each one of its merits, and place it in the hands of your children, as it is well adapted to their wants.

Also received, part first of the "Lyceum Stage," a collection of recitations, dialogues, fairy plays, etc. We commend this little book to all, as being well adapted to the Children's Lyceum, school exhibitions, and also to families where there are children, as they cannot fail to be interested. Send for a copy. Price, postpaid, only 50 cents. By G. W. Kates, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Received, a large steel engraving called "The Dawning Light." This is an art shrine of the birthplace of modern Spirit-

ualism (from the original painting executed by Joseph John), and is a most beautiful conception—angel messengers, descending through rifted clouds in floods of celestial light, are most successfully linked and blended with earth's historic scenery and associations. Let the attention of all Spiritualists, as they meet on the 31st of this month to celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary of modern Spiritualism, be drawn to this picture, so beautifully illustrating its advent, and let every Spiritualist's home be adorned with this work of art and rendered more beautiful and attractive even to angel visitors. Price of engraving and map circular accompanying each, \$2.00, postpaid to any part of the world. R. H. Curran & Co., publishers, 28 School street, Boston, Mass.

"Poems of Free Thought," by Mrs. L. E. Drake. Let every "woman" who reads this notice send for a copy.

Mrs. P. W. Stephens, Sacramento, Cal.—Letter and money received. Paper sent as directed to new subscribers, and will send extra number to you soon.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Virginia City—Thanks for kind letter of encouragement and sympathy; will reply soon.

Mrs. J. H., New York City—MSS. and letter received; will let you know.

Mrs. H. D. S., "Lottsville," Pa.—Yours received, and will attend to your request.

Mrs. B. K., Bristol, Ind.—Your letter of inquiry received. Paper was sent as directed. Trust to hear all right.

Mrs. M. W. C., Bonaparte, Iowa—Thanks for your kind letter. We request our friends to have patience. Many other letters on file; will be attended to as fast as possible, and thank all of you for the many expressions of sympathy and encouragement we are receiving daily. Let us all work in harmony.

Miss Laura White, the famous mathematician, who solved the problem so long insoluble by students, is now studying architecture and art. She graduated from Michigan University last summer, with high honor.

Emma L. Cole, of Kent, Mich., a young lady eighteen years old, has driven her father's milk wagon, several years, to supply his daily customers in Lansing, and during all that time has never missed a trip. Through winter's cold and sleet, and summer's dust and heat, she has been at her post. The farm is two miles southeast of that city, and during the summer season, she has made two trips regularly each day. If any other city has a more industrious and punctual young lady, let her work be recorded. And the health of this young lady is perfect. What says Dr. E. H. Clarke to this fact?

AN ENERGETIC WOMAN.—Mrs. Phebe B. Benedict, one of the leaders in the suffrage movement, some two years since, took out papers as sole trader, gained the consent of her husband to allow her full and complete management of the farm, and to transact all the business of the place. When she assumed the responsibility of principal man, the farm was mortgaged for four hundred dollars, the dwelling was out of repair, farming implements broken and rusty, and things generally in a dilapidated condition. The two last seasons have been quite unfavorable for farming in that immediate locality, yet by economy, close attention to business, and shrewd management, Mrs. Benedict has paid off the mortgage and interest, purchased a new cultivator, plows and other farming utensils, treated herself to a sewing machine, repaired the buildings, and will shortly be loaning money.

In a letter to the London *Times*, Sir Henry Holland publishes some interesting reminiscences of Mrs. Mary Somerville, the distinguished geographer and accomplished scientific scholar, who recently died at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Among them is the following admirable story: "It is told, and I believe the anecdote to be well founded, that Laplace himself, the great French mathematician, commenting on the English mathematical school of that period, said there were only two persons in England who thoroughly understood his work, and these two were women—Mrs. Greig and Mrs. Somerville. The two thus named were in fact one. Mrs. Somerville twice married. Her first husband was Captain Greig, son of High Admiral Greig, of the Russian navy, a distinguished officer under the Empress Catherine. Left a widow with one son, since deceased, she some years afterward married her cousin, Dr. Somerville."

EVERGREEN COTTAGE,
Three miles south of Lombard, home of Milo and Isa Wilson Porter, who will now give notice of Circles for Spiritual Phenomena of various Phases through Isa, which they will hold Tuesday of each week till further notice. Friends from a distance wishing to make special arrangements for Sittings, can do so by addressing, Milo Porter, Lombard, DuPage Co., Ill.

Earnest seekers for truth, avail yourselves of this opportunity to investigate; and especially do we call your attention to Isa's Spiritual power of singing and speaking in different languages, and trust that those who can test this power will do so; as truth is what we are all seeking for.